

MY LIFE WITH MUHAMMAD ALI by ANGELO DUNDEE

Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 14, 1983 40 CENTS

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Contents

AUGUST 14, 1967 Volume 27, No. 7

Cover photograph by Herb Ritts

12 Then There Were Six

James Ellis and Thel Spencer drew first blood as the search for Ali's successor began in Houston

16 No Place for Stars to Shine

The collegians found life among the pros a trial as Green Bay stroled away with the All-Star Game

18 And the Melody Lingered On

The day heard us Winnipeg was The Star-Spangled Banner played over and over as the U.S. won and went

22 The Education of Rick Barry

San Francisco's pro basketball hero has painted in a new league, only to find loneliness and wars

30 New Saints in the NFL Temple

Deep at quarterback and solid at fullback, New Orleans may be the best pro expansion club yet

34 The Great Thoroughbreds

A rules gallery of recent champions and current stars celebrates the grandeur of the turf

43 Dredging Up a Texas Squabble

Oyster-shell beds in Galveston Bay are the focus in a fight between conservationists and a \$25 million industry

64 Life in a Hot Corner

Angely Dandee, Muhammad Ali's trainer, begins his intimate, revealing story of the champion's ring career

The departments

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 7 Scorecard | 62 Bridge |
| 50 Golf | 73 Baseball's Week |
| 53 People | 74 For the Record |
| 54 Baseball | 75 19th Hole |
| 58 Motor Sports | |



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Circle on page 74

Next week

BOSTON'S HERMES, old and new, are spotlighted. Ted Williams fishes and talks baseball with John Underwood. Mark Mahay visits Carl Yastrzemski and the Amazing Red Sox.

EXPO 67 plays host to the best European track and field team to compete on these shores. John Underwood reports on the star-filled meet with the very best from the Americas.

A SUMMER DAY in the Ozarks finds two boys fishing, listening to quad, taking time out to swim and just lazing about, to evoke a scene ages removed from the adult world.

1

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SCORECARD

COLLECTIVE TROUBLE

Professional football clubs are increasingly apprehensive about the effects of player-agent negotiations and collective bargaining. One test case, of sorts, has failed: Five Cleveland players—John Wooden, Leroy Kelly, John Brown, Mike Howell and Sidney Williams—announced two weeks ago through a lawyer that they were being treated as pawns and would boycott the club until it met their demands. Former Cleveland Fullback Jimmy Brown, who supported the joint bargaining, said the athletes were only "exercising their right to protest a get-strong policy which owners have adopted since the merger of the AFL and NFL. When the merger was passed players no longer held a fair bargaining position." After holding out for a week—through which Cleveland Owner Art Modell held out just as strongly for his right to bargain with each man individually—the players gave up their group action.

But the club owners, far from feeling the crisis has passed, believe it may, in fact, just be beginning. "We haven't been faced with any serious holdouts this season," said Kansas City General Manager Jack Steadman, "but maybe our turn is coming. We seem to be headed for a ruinous situation." In Atlanta, the Falcons' general manager, Frank Wall, declared, "Players are only hurting themselves by going into negotiations through an agent or third party." In Los Angeles, Elroy Hirsch said, "If such stands continue, they could be the downfall of professional football."

These are the expectable attitudes of managements faced with the threat of any kind of unionism, but far more to the point were the views of Dallas General Manager Tex Schramm: "The unionism approach is certainly evident. I think this would be very bad for the players and I would resist it, but only from their standpoint. For management, there would, in fact, be great advantages. Wherever you run into a union

problem, you will find it is not going to benefit the outstanding performers. In our business the outstanding athlete is the one who will win for you and the one who attracts people. The ultimate in unionism is that the minimum becomes the maximum, and in that context, unionism will penalize the outstanding players in the league."

Last week a labor lawyer of some repute made a tough assessment of the Cleveland situation. He said groups like the one that faced Modell would always be unsuccessful, because, at heart, the athletes wanted to play football and had to. "What are they going to do if they don't sign?" he asked. "Wait on tables?"

He was oversimplifying the situation, and so was Schramm. There are tough times ahead.

BRUTAL BUSINESS

Three weeks after British Cyclist Tommy Simpson collapsed and died while competing in the Tour de France, French authorities released their findings on the cause of his death. The immediate cause was heart failure, but a contributing factor was dope.

"Cyclists have been taking dope for 50 years," live-time Tour de France Winner Jacques Anquetil says. "I take dope. So do all leading bicycle riders. Those who say they don't are liars. Obviously, we could do without dope in a race, but then we would pedal by at 15 mph [instead of around 25 mph]. It wouldn't look like much of anything. Since we are constantly asked to go faster and to make an even greater effort, we are obliged to take stimulants. People ask too much of us."

Among those interested in high-quality performances are the companies who hire leading cyclists to advertise their wares. Tommy Simpson made \$100,000 a year, most of it from Peugeot, the French auto manufacturer, and BP, the British petroleum firm. When he died, he was wearing trunks embroidered

with the name of Peugeot, and on the shoulders of his jersey were the initials BP. Ironically, this year, Tour officials had tried to put an end to the huckster frenzy that has pervaded the 22-day, 2,990-mile race in the past. They insisted that cyclists compete on national teams and tried, unsuccessfully, to ban the advertisements for ball-point pens, refrigerators, aperitifs and other products cyclists normally wear on their jerseys. But sponsors successfully protested that the Tour was their premier showcase. When *The Economist* reported on Simpson's death it headlined its article: *DEATH OF A SALESMAN!*

There is nothing wrong with commercial affiliations in sport, and nothing surprising about athletes driving themselves to their utmost to become \$100,000-a-year heroes. But no sport can tolerate its participants taking dope to improve their performances. It is easy enough to stop. But Anquetil is right. The authorities just don't want to stop it.

HACKERS

Four young golfers teed off on the 2nd hole at Shawnee Country Club in Topeka, Kans. last week, and when they had sunk their putts, they figured the best score in the foursome was a 112 by Jim McClure. Stan Zimmerman took 114 strokes, his brother Steve 116 and



Tom Perry 127. Far from being crestfallen, they were elated. They had played an 11-mile hole, from the tee at Shawnee, through downtown Topeka, across another golf course and through a mile of corn and wheat fields before finally holing out on the 13th green of the city's municipal course. They lost 25 golf balls

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August 2, 1967

SCORECARD continued

and hit three houses and two automobiles, but caused no serious damage. The best shot was a 500-yard putt made by Stan Zimmerman—who stroked it carefully down a hill on Golf Park Boulevard. The photographer assigned by the Topeka State Journal to go the full distance with the golfers was ideally suited for an 11-mile jaunt. He was Jim Ryan.

MAKE WAVES

The big reason the surfing boom isn't bigger is that there are too many spots where the surf's no good—like Lincoln, Neb. Or Nishitama, Japan, which is up in the hills 30 miles west of Tokyo. Nishitama was no good, that is, until last month, when Summerland, the world's first indoor surfing pool, opened.

The pool is 209 feet long, 82 feet wide and is covered by an 85.2-foot-high plastic dome. The wavemaking gurno is in a tank connected to the pool and consists of two floats that go up and down every three seconds and exert a pressure of about 100 tons. When the surf is up at Nishitama four-and-a-half footers have been reported.

So are Japan's 10,000 surfers stoked? "For the true surfing satisfaction," said one last week, "the pool is too small, the wavelength too short and the waves too low."

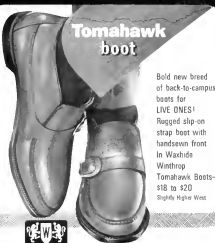
Ah, so, but Summerland President Takehiro Fujimoto never counted on making a yen off surfers. The pool is only 4 feet 10 inches deep at its deepest (or, rather, least shallow) point, so it is ideal for children. Indeed, last week Summerland was literally jumping with kids (at \$1e a head) who couldn't care less about riding a wave. All they wanted was to get knocked down by one.

GUILT BY ASSOCIATION

Jockey Walter Blum, the leading rider in the country in 1963 and 1964, is currently serving a 35-day suspension "for conduct detrimental to the best interests of the public and racing." The ruling, which was made by the stewards at Hollywood Park last month, said Blum "associated with undesirable persons and made false statements to the board of stewards."

Transcripts of the jockey's testimony before the stewards are now available, and they reveal that Blum was seen in the company of:

- Mario Gentile, a master of ceremonies at Baltimore strip joints, who has been



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WINTHROP

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arrested and convicted three times for the possession of narcotics, was sentenced to 3½ years in the Federal penitentiary and is barred from racetracks.

• Tony Amerno, alias Tony Dale, alias Tony Reno, alias Tony Merino, a nightclub entertainer, onetime associate of Mickey Cohen and a convicted tout (he was once picked up posing as the brother of Jockey Joe Culmone)

• Adam Bagdasian, alias Louis Peters, an Edgewater, Md. restaurant owner who is a convicted con man and tout. Bagdasian served one year in Federal prison and is waiting to be sentenced in a Baltimore Federal court on an income tax evasion conviction. He failed to declare \$15,000 he had made from two individuals in a phony horse-race investment scheme. During his trial in June, Bagdasian's lawyer described him as "a self-employed tout" and as a man "who made his living selling taps on the track."

Of these acquaintances Blum says, "They just seemed like typical racetrack guys. They liked to have a good time, and they liked to bet on horses. Sure, I told them I liked certain horses I was riding—just as every jock tells his friends if they ask him. But they never suggested that I do anything wrong. If they had, I would have run from them. I never knew these men were undesirable. If the stewards knew they had records, why didn't they call me aside and tell me?"

Though his judgment in selecting friends is debatable, Blum may well be innocent of any actual wrongdoing. The Hollywood Park stewards went to considerable lengths to point out that his riding performances were not at all suspect, only his associates. And the penalty he received is harsh: he says it may cost him \$100,000 in riding fees. But it is severe measures like this that insure the integrity of racing and the success of the sport.

PAPER LIONS

Whatever it proved—perhaps only that the worst team in the AFL is better than the worst team in the NFL—an AFL club drew blood last week. In the first exhibition game between members of the rival leagues, the Denver Broncos upset the Detroit Lions 13-7. NFL partisans may fall back on the dusty excuse that an exhibition is an exhibition is an exhibition, but the time for such excuses may be running out. Admittedly, the

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

Lions did not enter the game figuring it to be more than a workout. Detroit newspapers spoke of the team's "soft" exhibition schedule (three AFL teams), and the team and even the coaching staff was grandly overconfident. On the bus to the University of Denver stadium, the Lions were girl-watching and throwing their hotel keys out the windows to be returned by other parties. But there was less levity once the action turned to football. At one point in the game, Wayne Walker threw the ball at an official after his failure to call a penalty. Alex Karras was ejected in the second quarter after he kicked Cookie Gilchrist following a running play.

"Maybe we had the idea we were playing risky drinks," said Williams Clay Ford, the owner of the Lions. "Maybe it was good for us." Denver's new coach, Lon Saban, simply said it was an "honor" to defeat an NFL team. "I only hope we don't get too inflated." Considering the Broncos' 4-10 win-loss record in the AFL last season, this does not seem an imminent danger.

It is rather obvious that the Lions were the inflated ones. At last, the NFL must wake up to the fact that the AFL teams have not only come to stay, they have come to play.

GAMY SUBJECT

The University of Minnesota has just completed a seven-year survey on the mating habits of wild ducks. Among other things, the university's Kuitse report reveals that shovelers and teal have homosexual tendencies and mallards are the most passionate of ducks, the female often, quite literally, dying of love.

THEY SAID IT

- Ron Lard, U.S. race walker after he went off course in the Pan-American Games' 20,000-meter walk: "I knew something was wrong when I came to a locked gate."
- Marianne Moore, renowned poet and baseball fan: "The Yankees are having an off season, but their timber is there. As *The Boston Transcript* said of the Harvard crew, 'Win or lose, their speed is marvelous.'"
- John Griffin, Denver defensive back, referring to the competition for starting jobs: "You sure don't see many guys in the training room this year. You wouldn't catch me in there unless a horse was sticking out."

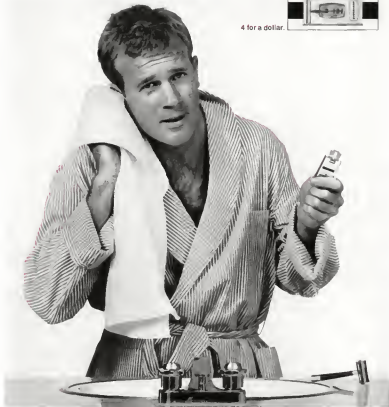
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THEN THERE WERE SIX

The bouts were good and honest in Houston's Astrodome as Jimmy Ellis and Thad Spencer became the first winners in the elimination tournament to pick a successor to a morose and fallible Muhammad Ali

by MARK KRAM

The cars moved through town, the car lights from across the other lane passing over the fighter's face. Quickly they reached the hospital. "Four or five stitches, Jimmy," said Angelo Dundee. Inside, the doctor worked, his hands moving beautifully. Dundee watched. "You can't have a butcher," he whispered. "The stitching has to be delicate so the cut is tight. You got to watch some doctors. I can't take any chances with this guy now." He nodded toward Jimmy Ellis, who was not a sparring partner anymore or just a fighter you never watched when he was taking five above the eye. Jimmy Ellis, who had just beaten Leotis Martin, was a property now.

"He is the best banger around in the division," said Dundee. "He proved that today and he will prove it throughout the tournament. He and this tournament can't miss."

Maybe so. There certainly was no question that the first round of the WBA heavyweight championship elimination tournament held in the Houston Astrodome last weekend did whack the roar out of its critics—and out of all the promoting competitors who had tried to submerge the tournament with the insuendo, delicate conspiracy and evil arts that are good business in boxing.

Before the fights it seemed that the tournament, shrouded by the gigantic shadow of Muhammad Ali and the bril-

liance of Joe Frazier, who refused to participate, was off to a smashing failure. The mysterious uncertainty of the packagers, Sports Action Inc., the sleight-of-hand moves by Madison Square Garden, Ali's unsuccessful passport plea in Houston and the absence of Frazier—peripheral things all—gave the promotion a massive inferiority complex. But the fighters, cruel, valorous, a blend of beauty and brutal awkwardness, rescued the afternoon in Houston and the world of boxing from what was figured to be another era of greed. They made a start toward an interesting aftermath to the age of Ali, an age Ali dominated by sweeping exhibitions and ring ballets rather than by conventional fighting.

Thirteen thousand nine hundred and forty-six people paid \$92,560 to see the fights—Ellis vs. Martin, Ernie Terrell vs. Thad Spencer—in an atmosphere that was as cozy as a group of people sitting in the middle of a frozen lake. It was as if the fights had not been produced by natural forces but by the great god, Judge Roy Hofheinz, who was the promoter and sort of distributor for the packagers and had decreed: "Let there be a fight." Fortunately, the fights were not as repelling.

All four of the boxers, Ellis, Martin, Terrell and Spencer, came to Houston on the lam, looking for a slice of the moon. Ellis was trying to crack out of

a strange, engulfing area of boxing. He had been Ali's sparring partner for so long a time that he became a sort of object that you expected to find in a training camp, like the light bag or a damp headgear. Martin, out of the violent, devouring pits of Philadelphia, had been ducked by everyone, including Frazier, who would not fight him with a shotgun. Spencer, with his bad feet, his lack of motivation, his tendency toward corpulence and his eager shuffle toward neon, sticky bars and sweet-scented foves, was just ridiculous. Terrell? He had copped a plea against Ali, and he has always been poison at the gate.

In terms of effort expended to sign each fighter, you can measure each one monetarily: they got Martin for \$175, Terrell for \$1750, Ellis for \$80,000 and Spencer for \$600. Willie Ketchum, Spencer's manager, wanted to be coaxed. All received \$50,000 for their fights, except Martin. He was offered \$22,560, but he paid heavily for his end. His fight with Ellis, in the argot of the business, was life and death. Ellis did a vicious job, and few will forget the way Martin's mouth looked as he lay in his dressing room. His eyes never moved from the ceiling, this anonymous kid who sometimes seemed like a solemn friar reading from a breviary or at times like an Edgar Bergen dummy; he is, because of a speech impediment, quite withdrawn. *continued*

Early in their bout Jimmy Ellis, who learned his fighting as Muhammad Ali's sparring mate, slams a hard right into the face of Leotis Martin.





Nobody talked to him while he was there on the table. Finally his eyes looked around. He seemed like a frightened deer in the middle of a stream. The trainer every now and then moved the gauze away from his battered lip.

"Never," said Joe Polino, one of the master cut men in boxing, "never in my whole life have I seen a cut like this."

"He's gonna need plastic surgery," someone said. "Forget stitches."

"He never did a damn thing," roared Pinney Schaefer, his manager. He is called Pinney because he has a pinhead. "Didn't do one thing we planned."

The head on the table tried to turn, but only the eyes could make it in Pinhead's direction.

"We couldn't do anything with him," screamed Pinhead. "He's got to have earplugs in there. Nothing. He don't think one cent's worth."

The eyes turned back toward the ceiling.

Martin was whipped early in this fight. He never really had a chance, or anything left after the first round, and he survived as long as he did only because he has a soccer ball for a heart. Ellis wasted him with right hands in the first, and, had not Martin been hurt so badly, the heavy expenditure of energy might have been costly for Ellis. He was punched out in the second round, and Martin made a gallant recovery. But Martin's lip started to tear in the third, and blow after blow crashed into his face until the ninth round, when Ellis jabbed the cut and it opened frightfully.

"He sure do have a hard head," said Ellis later.

Martin also has a destructive pair of hands, but he never managed to make effective use of them. His plan was to stay on top of Ellis early in the fight, when Ellis has always been most dangerous, and then catch him in the late rounds. Martin knew that there was a serious question as to whether Ellis, whose early explosions seem to drain him, was more than a five-round fighter. The allegation may still have substance. Ellis has never really believed in himself, which is quite understandable in a person who has been carrying Ali's bag for too many years.

"Yeah," said Angelo Dundee, Ellis' and Ali's trainer (page 64). "He was

there. He could've been caught good any number of times, could've been in real trouble. He stopped moving, you know, side to side, but Jimmy's right hands beat Martin and he knew Martin didn't have anything left. Ellis'll be much better from now on. He's getting the confidence."

"I'll be all right, I'm on my way," said Ellis, who seems surprised that people suddenly want to know the details of his life. "Now, when the day comes I fight Clay, I'm gonna go bang, hung, bing in that pretty face and say, 'Hey, boy, what's my name?'"

Muhammad Ali was much more than a spectre in Houston. He was very real a few days before the fights when, in court, he was denied a request to travel abroad and was ordered to surrender his passport. For the first time, it seems, he is resigned to going to jail and is exuding unfaked fatalism, trying desperately to camouflage his moroseness with wild exuberance.

"I can see 'em at the gate now," he jokes. "This is the way it's going to be." He then describes this scene:

TV reporter: Ladies and gentlemen, Muhammad Ali is finally going to jail. Here he is now, coming through the gates. Ali. Ali. Ali. How do you feel about all this?

Muhammad (big, deep, very masculine voice): I is ready. I am strong. And I'll do this here time easy, and I'll be back to fight again.

End of scene. Cut to five years later.

Reporter: Ladies and gentlemen, here comes Ali. For five years he has been behind these here walls. Ali, will you fight again?

Muhammad (soft, very feminine voice): I don't want to fight anybody, buy.

"Seriously, though," said Ali. "I've been visiting a few prisons to get accustomed to them. They say you're all right in them federal places. You can pay for your own food. You get TV. Only thing you don't get is your girl friends."

"Well," said Dundee, "you better learn to do a lot of reading."

"I don't think I'll crack up," said Ali. "I really don't." He paused for a long moment and then said, "I think I'll get married soon, and then retire. It'll be good for the tournament. With me around, nobody gonna take these guys

seriously. If I retire, there'll be some significance." Silence again. "You know I gotta go back to Chicago now, and I don't care if that plane does go down."

Ali, before he left, picked Terrell to beat Spencer and win the tournament, but, like most fighters, he is not a good judge of talent or an accurate selector. Spencer looked better than Ellis in winning his fight. Terrell started quickly. His jab rammed into Spencer's face consistently and he succeeded in doing what he had planned, until Spencer broke him in half with body blows. He would take or pick off a couple of Terrell's jabs and then slide under and rake the big guitar player over the body. Spencer sent Terrell to the floor in the second round with a short right hand, and Terrell hung on to Spencer's foot as he sat on the floor.

Despite the knockdown Terrell was leading slightly going into the eighth round, but Spencer, hammering at the body and coming out of a crouch with a right hand, won the last five rounds. A pitiful, wheezing figure toward the end, Terrell fought a sloppy, stupid fight. He rabbit-punched, but Spencer below the belt (he lost the 10th on two blows to the groin) and inexplicably kept moving toward Spencer's right hand. Thus, besides being risky, reduced the power of his hated jab. Spencer fought an extremely intelligent fight, motivated by an acute dislike for Terrell, who was unbearably patronizing toward the other fighters going into Saturday's showdown.

"I'm tired of ham and eggs," said Spencer during a press conference before the fight. "I'm gonna have me some steak from now on." "Yeah," said Terrell, "he can have steak. He can come over to my house for it after he loses. Who is Thad Spencer, anyway?"

"Ha," said Spencer after the fight. "Who is Ernie Terrell? Where is Ernie Terrell now?"

The answer to that was not difficult. He was out of the tournament, which, to be certain, is what was greatly desired. An unpopular fighter with the crowd, Terrell would have strangled any excitement the tournament hoped to produce. Now, thanks to three fighters who made tough, honest fights, the tournament and boxing itself have climbed a sizeable step up.

END

Thad Spencer, who came on strong in the late rounds to beat Ernie Terrell by decision, raises a tired hand with aid of Manager Willie Ketchum.



by DAN JENKINS

When two famous All-Stars faced Green Bay, one, Bubba Smith (left), lived up to his clippings but Heisman Trophy winner Steve Spurrier (right) was downcast

NO PLACE FOR STARS TO SHINE

Regardless of what the College All-Star Game used to be, it has become an exercise in pro football trivia. You do not try to block a monster like Bubba Smith, of course. You fool him. You worry a good but young pass defense on the outside and beat it down the middle. And you take the Heisman Trophy winner with a grain of printer's ink. You do all of these things if you are a Green Bay Packer and have to stroll through the annual contest once more. Last Friday in Chicago the Packers strolled, 27-0, and the score could have gone higher if the pros had wanted to get their uniforms dirty. It is surely time for this annual non-football spectacle to be hung from the ceiling of the Smithsonian Institution.

The funny thing about this year's game was that the All-Star coaches were supposed to be leveling in on it as never before. After the Packers buried the collegians 38-0 last year there were the usual outcries that the game had outlived its

importance, that the pros were far too talented and sophisticated for any group of rookies in this day and age. So Coach Johnny Sauer decided that he would work harder than any All-Star leader ever had before to see if the notion could be disproved.

For weeks Sauer, who had been an assistant All-Star coach under Otto Graham, studied films of the Packers and of all sorts of college games. It was primarily his job not only to figure a way to attack the world champions, but to select the prized rookies for the task. Once they were chosen, he would have three long weeks to shape them up in practice before the march into antiquated Soldier Field.

Sauer leaned toward size as he recruited the stars, because there is a myth today that pro football players have to be as big as Michigan State's Bubba Smith, who is 6'7" and weighs 297. Whether it was a mistake or not, Sauer took only two players from the Southeastern Con-

ference and only one from the Southwest, two of the toughest sectors in the land. "They're rough and quick but too little," he argued. A lot of notable collegians were missing as Sauer loaded up his squad with players from the Big Ten, Notre Dame, the East and small colleges. One rugged lineman from the South reportedly was bypassed because word reached the coaches during the selection period that he had a playful habit of setting fire to cats.

The All-Stars had looked fine in camp. They were indeed large and seemed especially proficient on defense, where Smith was at left tackle, Michigan State's brilliant George Webster was at left linebacker and Northwestern's Phil Clark and Michigan's Richard Volk were shining in the secondary.

The offense was less impressive. Although the collegians had an unusually gifted group of runners, such as UCLA's Mel Farr, Michigan State's Clinton Jones, Syracuse's Floyd Little and Notre

Dame's Nick Eddy, they geared themselves for a throwing game behind Florida's Steve Spurrier, the Heisman winner, and Purdue's Bob Griese. There were moments in practice when Spurrier and Griese looked terrific, just as they had in college. But they also looked inconsistent and incapable of taking charge of a team. As one scout observed, "Griese doesn't throw long and Spurrier doesn't throw short. And you can't like the delivery of either one of them."

Of the two, Spurrier looked like the better pro prospect because he was taller and could flip the long ones, but he has never learned to set himself up properly before throwing and does not release the ball as quickly as he might. He put on a woeful showing at the Coaches' All-America Game in Atlanta in early July, even though it was his pass that won for the East over the West 12-9 in the final minutes. Up to that point he had connected on only one of 12 tosses, and even a few Southerners in the crowd had booed him.

After the game in Atlanta, when a writer was congratulating him on pulling it out, Spurrier, who won a lot of games for Florida in the fourth quarter, said, "Well, that's how I usually do it—in the clutch."

The Heisman winner's attitude had slightly distressed some of the All-Star coaches in Chicago. "I don't really think he's a prima donna, but every now and then you get that impression," said one.

Steve himself said, "The Heisman does carry a lot of obligations—banquets and things like that. I've been busy. I know I've got a lot to learn to be a pro quarterback." The San Francisco 49ers, who spent \$250,000 for Spurrier, must know it better than anyone.

The Heisman Trophy winner has rarely had a good evening against the professional champions in Chicago, so it was nothing new when Spurrier had one of the worst. He missed the first six passes he tried, looking just as rusty as he had in Atlanta. A couple of them were only five-yarders aimed at men in the flat. He fumbled twice, and the Packers converted one of these mistakes into a field goal. By half time Spurrier had completed only one of his eight passes. Green Bay held a comfortable 20-0 lead, and it was obvious there would be no clutch finish for Spurrier, or any All-Star.



Meanwhile Green Bay was looking better than it had in any other All-Star Game under Coach Vince Lombardi. Working quite calmly against a defense that was indeed good, Bart Starr and his pals scored four of the first five times they got the ball. Starr did not even play in the second half.

Quickly noting that the All-Stars' secondary was especially determined to guard against the sidelines and deep, Starr simply sent the likes of Max McGee and Carroll Dale weaving into the middle, and he hit them with ease. When the college boys tightened the middle, there were Packers like Bob Long open outside. Rookies can't cover veterans. It is that simple.

Essentially, two players saved the All-Stars from total disgrace—Bubba Smith and George Webster, both of them from Michigan State. This pair had a long table of Packers raving between big bites of steak at a Rush Street restaurant in the early morning hours of Saturday. Webster had knocked McGee out of the game in the second quarter and had jolted Eljah Pitts with a tackle in the open field that caused a fumble and made the stadium seats squeak. Coming up with

tackle after tackle, Webster almost personally held the Packers to field goals instead of touchdowns on two drives.

Less consistent but at times spectacular, Bubba smashed Starr twice and Donny Anderson once, all behind the scrimmage line. But maybe he had had a special incentive. The Colts had cut his brother, he had learned, and he was all upset, saying he was not going to report to Baltimore's training camp because his brother did not get a fair tryout. "It wasn't very smart of the Colts," said a rival coach. "A guy like Bubba you want to get in the cage before you do anything to make him mad." Packer Guard Jerry Kramer found that all he could do was try to screen the giant Smith away from the play. When Bubba came, he roared.

"I didn't believe what I had heard about him," said Fuzzy Thurston, the other Packer guard. "But Bubba is going to be great. He has a chance to become one of the best pass rushers in the game. All he needs is experience."

There is, in fact, nothing wrong with the All-Stars that some pro experience and a few less Heisman awards couldn't cure. But that is no excuse for continuing the All-Star Game. **END**

AND THE MELODY LINGERED ON

Almost the only tune heard in Winnipeg last week as the Pan-Am Games came to a close was "The Star-Spangled Banner." U.S. athletes took a record number of gold medals and even beat the Cubans at baseball by BOB OTTUM

It was somewhere around 3 o'clock last Saturday afternoon—and 80° in the prairie sunshine—when the U.S.'s Tom Von Ruden and Canada's David Bailey set about the serious business of running each other into the ground. They gathered a few other runners around them, strictly as props, set the distance at 1,500 meters—which is a lurch or two

under a mile—and took off. On the track surrounding them were the flags and festive Winnipeg trappings of the Pan-American Games and, brooding on a platform off to one side, a Canadian army band sat waiting to play the national anthem of the man who won.

On the first lap around, it was all Bailey, while Von Ruden loped along

next to last, slack-jawed and making small, chuffing sounds like a logging train.

Von Ruden always runs like this. He hangs his mouth open and lets his eyes go blank, looking vaguely like Little Orphan Annie, and his cheeks flop loosely. He looks down at the track a lot, as though somebody ahead of him



Infielder Steve Sogge and First Baseman Mark Marquess, stars of the U.S. baseball team that beat Cuba, relax at Pan-Am village before final game.

might have dropped some money, and occasionally he glances behind him. He was running that way, coming into the scoreboard turn, with roughly 100 meters to go. Just ahead of him, Bailey was slanting along on full power, all confident and in trim. Then it happened.

While a crowd of several thousand groaned in a mixture of delight and dismay, Von Ruden's eyes suddenly snapped into a look of purpose. He took one last gulp of hot air, closed his mouth and turned his face back on. Then he came wheeling past Bailey in a flash of long, iron thigh muscles, suddenly running so fast that it took him roughly halfway to Hudson's Bay to get stopped. Bailey was so unnerved by it all that he let Von Ruden's teammate, Sam Bati, slip into second spot. And over on the stand, the bandmaster got up heavily,

his shirt panted wetly to his back. He rapped for attention and said something appropriate, like, "O.K., you guys. *The Star-Spangled Banner* again."

You must understand right away that Von Ruden's time, 3:43.4, although not a world record (that belongs to the Pan-Am Games' most famous absentee, Jim Ryun), was a Pan American record and, in its way, quite significant. It showed that the United States has developed 1) an embarrassment of wealth in key tracks-and-field events; 2) that while the U.S. has been busy with such traditional summer activities as riots and pennant chases, we may have solved a nagging problem connected with next year's Olympics Games. In its low-key way, Von Ruden's run was an indication that the U.S. could possibly two-plateau the 1968 Olympics with a lot of impressive people just like him.

The object of the Pan-American Games, and similar international gatherings is to keep world athletes from getting too restless between Olympics by assembling them and letting them run, jump, swim, walk, throw things and belt each other around. The ultimate purpose in all this is to enable almost everybody to get medals and go back home in triumph and calm down for another season. Still, the unhappy truth is that one nation or another always grows to dominate a particular meet. Further, it is impossible outside the framework of the Olympics to get all the top stars into the same arena at one time, no matter what you call the games.

The United States had unblushingly clothed everybody at the last Pan-Am in 1963, taking home 109 gold, 49 silver and 35 bronze medals. This time, the U.S. had come to Winnipeg with 402 fresh athletes and had left another brigade of them at home among them Ryun, who now decides where he will set his world mile records by cycles of the moon, Gerry Lindgren, Tommie Smith, Jim Hines and Charlie Greene. Their absence might have given the impression that Canada was due for a contest.

But then, even before Von Ruden came hammering down the Saturday Postestretch, U.S. athletes began to beat everybody in spite of such vigorous training activities as shavings, cream lighters, love-ins just outside the fence of the Pan-Am village and some abandoned dancing at the morokohola, a Coca-Cola-powered cabaret inside the fence. The

continued



Best of the U.S. distance runners: Tim Van Ruden (above), who broke the 3:50 meter record, and Van Nelson, winner of two races.





Van Ruden drives. Physiologist Daniels checks equipment and Walker Dooley blows hot air into bag in altitude-oxygen test.

string of victories got embarrassing halfway through the contests. At the University of Manitoba Track Stadium just outside town, one nation flounced huffily and said, "I swear, if I hear *The Star-Spangled Banner* just one more time, I shall scream."

A sort of vague, hard-to-define undercurrent of resentment began to build all around the fringes of the games, particularly when the United States won some events it wasn't supposed to win. "Look," said a Canadian, dismayed, "who ever heard of the U.S. winning water polo? Or women's volleyball?"

By last Saturday morning the *Minneapolis Free Press* commented, "On the basis of gold medals won, the United States has locked up its fourth consecutive Pan-American Games—but the fight for second place is still open."

And if the U.S. was trying hard to keep an un-ugly image and the other nations were mildly dismayed, it was the Cubans who couldn't stand it most. If there is one thing they are not exactly wild about as a nation, it is standing at respectful attention while the band plays that grand old favorite about the rockers' red glare.

At one point, Jan Landa, who is 16 and leads a pack of cheerleaders at Winnipeg's Windsor Park Collegiate High School, took her crew down to the basketball gym to lead cheers for Cuba ("We're for Cuba, couldn't be prouder. If you can't hear us, we'll yell a little louder"). Jan and the girls bought their own sweaters and sewed letters on the front of them, so that if everybody got an line correctly they spelled out CUBA.

"Canada is my country, sure," said Jan. "But when the Cubans came here they were a little downhearted, maybe because they came from a Communist country and had no friends."

But the sweaters and the shot of friendship did not help much. The United States won in basketball, naturally, and everybody stood around while they played that song again.

Still, for all the background muttering, the one thing that will set track fans to whooping is a genuine heroic performance, regardless of nationality. And—halfway through the games, when things might have gotten routine—along came Van Nelson, a sort of skinny superman who surpassed almost everybody. Nelson is 21 years old, 5' 10" and

133 pounds, a biology major from St. Cloud State College, which is hidden cleverly somewhere inside Minnesota. He is so relaxed and confident that he is all disconnected, standing there in a rack of loose rib cage and knee bones, looking out at the world through soft, blue-green eyes. He warmed up for the 10,000- and 5,000-meter events by sleeping and jogging and drinking enough Coca-Cola to fuel three Twiggys.

"My coach worries about me," Nelson said. "I mean, I'm so relaxed. I guess confidence was just built into me when I was born. Mostly I just stand around at the starting line and look at the others and figure I can beat these guys, and then I go and do it."

That is what surprised everyone. In the 10,000-meter run Nelson slouched around the track, running in second and third positions for most of the race. "A lot of people took one look at me and said I was through," he said later. "Boy, I guess it's the expression on my face or something. I guess I look like I'm in pain. But I'm concentrating on my running, that's all."

With two laps to go, Canadian Dave Ellis, who had been setting the pace, sud-

dently broke away to a 25-yard lead. Then the pack thundered down to within 200 yards of the finish. But Ellis had not counted on the fueling power of Coca-Cola. Nelson got all his arms and legs in synchronization and came flashing past easily to win by five yards.

"I intended to win here in Canada," he said, relaxed and all disconnected again. "I think maybe I'm the least publicized of all the U.S. runners—nobody has ever heard of me."

Nelson will not be anonymous anymore. On Wednesday night, he again loped along like a blond dark horse until there were four laps to go in the 5,000-meter run. Then he suddenly turned on and won by 40 meters—the only U.S. track-and-field athlete to win two individual gold medals.

"Just think," he said happily. "I'm only 21 now and that means my age will see me through three Olympics. I'll be just 31 for the third one."

"Right now," Nelson said, "there are three of us in my class: Gerry Lindgren, Tracy Smith and me. I have only raced Lindgren once before and he beat me. But I think I could take him now."

And if Nelson was nicely flushed with success, Winnipeg was delirious over its games. At stadiums, pools, gyms, tanks, pets, velodromes and tracks spotted all over town, crowds were calling the Pan-Am Games the biggest thing to hit town since the fur traders.

"Boy," said James Daly, the executive director, "we even have crowds watching field hockey. Who ever heard of anyone watching field hockey? And we had more people at tennis in one day than all of the Davis Cup matches in Montreal. The Pan-American Games will be the turning point for Canada. Ideas will fan out from here in all directions."

Daly was more correct than he knew: behind the scenes, quietly, a revolution in sports medicine began taking shape.

"This is the solution to training," said Aldo Scandurra, head manager of the U.S. track-and-field men's team, early in the week. "Winnipeg, at 700 feet elevation, is the key. Some of our runners training at high altitude for the Mexico City Games are discovering a reverse-twist effect. Coming down to low altitude they can beat everybody."

"Look at Von Ruden and the 1,500 meters," he continued. "He trained at Alamosa, Colo. at 7,500 feet. Bailey trained here. If Von Ruden runs away

from Bailey, that's it—because the two men are evenly matched."

And Von Ruden, fresh from the hills of Alamosa, was inclined to agree. "You feel as though you have a little something extra left at the end of a race," he said. "Of course, you hurt just as much, and psychology still has a lot to do with it. But there is something extra there."

On Friday, the day before he went for the big one, Von Ruden helped run a series of altitude and oxygen tests on a teammate. He and University of Wisconsin Physiologist Jack Daniels hooked up Tom Dooley, who is a heel-and-toe walker, to a device that looks an awful lot like a mobile electric chair. Then Von Ruden drove around the practice track in a car with Daniels sitting on the hood while Dooley walked alongside, breathing expired air into rubber bags.

"We have never tested a walker before," Daniels said happily, gathering in three bags full of air and leaving Dooley dripping wet and exhausted. "Perhaps we will find that if we train them at high altitudes—such as Colorado—they will be able to come back down to sea level and walk everybody else lippy-legged."

"We already have tested Von Ruden and Ryan," he said, "and we found one important thing so far: that Ryan is not superman. That is, he doesn't have an extra lung or anything abnormal like that. He is simply a superb athlete. And Ryan told us he found that the secret is to go back down occasionally and race at sea level. Of course, he beats everybody anyway."

"I don't know if it's just because you feel better training at altitude or not," said Von Ruden. "But when you come out of the mountains and you hear your time for the quarter, you're pleased."

Still, the theory could be full of pressurized bugs yet to be worked out. Nelson, whose idea of altitude training is to run around the lakes in Minneapolis, was not too sure he agreed. And he had those two gold medals, which gave his opinion some weight.

"I myself haven't been at high altitudes," he said. "But I do train outdoors all year round. I run in that bitter cold air at 20° below zero in the winter—and it's hard to gulp in that air. Maybe that's the same as running in the mountains."

All this may or may not settle the course of future U.S. training methods, but the Pan-Am Games proved

somebody's point. When the hectic show ended Sunday, the United States had collected 30 gold medals in track-and-field, winning 22 of 24 men's events and eight of 11 women's events, had set 15 games records and tied two existing world records. Overall, for the 13 days of competition, the bag was 120 gold medals, 63 silver and 44 bronze.

The medal counting followed the big event of Saturday night: the baseball finale between Cuba and—of all people—the United States. Each had won a game, and Cuba, which regards baseball as a sort of passion play with gloves, was favored to win.

"I know, I know. The United States has never won in baseball," said Steve Sogge, who is 20 years old, plays third base, outfield and catcher and doubles as a quarterback for the University of Southern California. "And we have never beaten Cuba. In fact, the Puerto Ricans came up to us and said, 'You've just got to beat Cuba, because we know we can beat you guys.' Then they lost, and there we were—in the finals."

The Cubans tried everything. After all, it was the only event left. They occasionally marched through the stands, waving banners and chanting, "Coo-bah, Coo-bah," backed by happy Winnipeggers who thought it sounded better as "hoo-bah." When the Cuban pitcher threw a series of bad balls, the team would advance on him in a menacing circle from the infield, shaking their heads angrily. They all danced around the dug-out a lot, and periodically the manager would stalk out and tell the umpire, through an interpreter, to shape up.

But you know what happened. On Saturday night Steve Sogge came up in the bottom of the ninth and singled neatly into center field with the bases loaded, as though there was a Giants' scout in the audience—which, in fact, there was. The U.S. won 2-1.

Winnipeg went home and to bed with perhaps the biggest sports hangover in its history. Athletes had been leaving town at the rate of 200 a day, and there were not many of them left for the closing ceremonies Sunday afternoon. But the crowd was enthusiastic as ever. There were flags and parades and the band played, it seemed, with just a little more gusto than it had earlier. The tunes? The national anthems of the games' first host, Argentina, its present host, Canada and next host, Colombia. **END**

THE EDUCATION OF MR. BARRY

Wealth and fame were beckoning when Rick Barry, the San Francisco pro basketball hero, jumped to the Oakland Oaks of the new American Basketball Association, but now Rick finds himself isolated and beset

by FRANK DEFORD

To most Americans pro basketball is months away, but to the oil and tobacco, trucking and show biz men whose money has put the American Basketball Association afloat, the critical season is now. It is on these midsummer days that the new league is attempting to sign the players, sell the tickets and fan the publicity fires that could mean the difference between success and early failure. Each owner is working diligently, but in the comforting knowledge that at worst he has made a lively bad investment. Financial disaster faces none of them who remember about tax write-offs and are helped by an expert accountant.

But for 23-year-old Rick Barry, a part owner of the new Oakland Oaks, the risks are somewhat higher. The money he has invested is real basketball money and the gamble is his basketball life. He has left the security of the established National Basketball Association and the San Francisco Warriors to go across the Bay to the Oakland Oaks, and he is the only NBA star still left in the ABA. All the other big names who jumped have jumped right back.

This means that Barry is the ABA's only legitimate claim to big-league status, its only lure for national attention, for the TV contract it has found so elusive, for the fans in all 11 of the league cities, and for the future. But as lonely as Barry is in one sense, in another he is crowded into the middle of a rough legal fight between the two organizations.

There is a real chance that Rick Barry, pride of the ABA, will not be able to play at all in the league's first season.

As the week ended, Judge Robert J. Drewes of the Superior Court of California was deliberating whether to grant the Warriors the temporary injunction they have asked to deny Barry to Oakland. Touchy questions like the sanctity of basketball's reserve clause could get a controversial legal airing, but any fundamental shake-up would be months in the making. Today the real ABA story is the human one behind the legal maneuvering, and so far it has not been told.

Rick Barry is the leading actor in a drama involving the attractions of money, dreams of athletic glory, shattered friendships and ties of family. His supporting cast includes Franklin Mielu, owner of the Warriors, Oakland Owner Pat Boone, the pop singer, Bruce Hale, the Oakland coach who is the father of Barry's wife, and Nate Thurmond, a former Warrior teammate of Barry's.

Barry left the Warriors on June 19 to sign a personal services contract with Boone—one giving him \$75,000 a year in salary and 15% ownership of the Oaks (although Boone holds him contractually liable for a cool \$750,000 if he should return to the Warriors). Barry will also receive 5% of Oaks' gate receipts above \$600,000—receipts that are not just around the corner. Mielu sued for the injunction June 23, declaring that Barry's 1966 contract prohibited him

from playing for another team before 1968. The Oaks say the NBA reserve clause violates antitrust laws and thus is invalid.

"I know what a lot of people think of me," says Barry. "They call me a traitor. Is that fair? If they would just look at it the same way they do their own businesses. This is the way I support my family. Why should I be called unloyal? They change their jobs and nobody says they're unloyal. If everything was based just on loyalty, no one would ever make any money."

Franklin Mielu says: "There is just the chance, I guess, just the slim chance that Rick could come back and say he was sorry, say he knows now his head was turned, he made a mistake, he really did leave his heart in San Francisco. Maybe then we could rehabilitate his image and we could catch that lightning in the bottle all over again. Maybe then we could get back that dream we were building together."

Mielu is a frenetic sort and a shrewder man than most people give him credit for being. But, now, perhaps for the first time in his life, it is frustration that dominates his mind.

"Where did I go wrong?" Mielu asks himself, pacing the familiar rugs of his lawyers' office. "My father—he was a florist—always told me, 'Don't worry about the other guy's store. Just mind your own.' And the Warriors had everything. I went to Europe on May 19 to

see my daughter Holly. The last thing Rick said to me before I left was, 'Have a good time, say hello to Holly and get Nate.' Now why should I be scared when he said that? It never even occurred to me that Rick was boxing me clever. How could I know that suddenly, like that, the strange and wonderful world of Franklin Mieli would come cascading down over my ears?"

The son of an Italian immigrant, Mieli went to work after college as a PR man for Burgermeister Beer. He has come a long way, and a lot of people in San Francisco are jealous of him. They say he was lucky "I knew the guy when he was pushing Burgy," that kind of thing. What they really mean is, how did this guy do it and I didn't?

How Mieli did it was to see the sports boom coming and ride it. First he tried but failed to talk the brewery into buying the 49ers. But that led him to 49er Owner Tony Morabito, and in 1953 Morabito let Mieli have 10% of the club at an advantageous price. Mieli, who was not making \$10,000 a year at the time, had to scrape for the money, but he got it up and was off.

Within a decade he had constructed his own radio-TV sports production company with broadcast rights to the 49ers and the baseball Giants. He had bought in for 10% of the Giants, too, and being an incorrigible bull he even took a little piece of the Warriors when they came West from Philadelphia in 1962. When the big money in the Warriors vanished after one bad season, Mieli increased his holdings to a majority share. There was no fan interest and it was a pretty bad team. Now, they said, that little son of an immigrant is finally going to get his.

But Mieli is nothing if he is not resilient, and in the years that followed he managed to bounce back to successively higher peaks after periodic disasters. People were always saying, "Well, you did it again." He laughs, repeating the remark, but it seems to hurt him a

continued

THE MEN AROUND BARRY are Singer Pat Boone (top), his Oakland boss, father-in-law and coach Bruce Hale (back, Rick at Oakland Auditorium), aggrieved Warrior owner Franklin Mieli and Warrior star Nate Thurmond, who prospered biding his time



little because it has been spoken more often in surprise than in acclaim. His success has always been muted by insinuations of luck and happenstance.

Miceli's outstanding quality is a kind of nervous enthusiasm. He is a pacer and a talker. He talks too much, rata-tat-tat. He drives his lawyers berserk. Most of the time, though, his judgment is good. Occasionally it is not. Early in May, for instance, he offered \$10,000 to Bruce Hale if he would stay at home and coach University of Miami basketball. It is true that Barry's father-in-law—a dear friend of Bob Feenck, the Warrior general manager—was practically a member of the Warriors and was often on the phone discussing his negotiations with Oakland for the Oaks coaching job. But it was nonetheless naive for Miceli to make such a proposition, however "jocularly," he says it was intended.

Similarly, Miceli's firing of Alex Hannum last spring made little sense. Hannum, the best pro coach there is, was let go supposedly because he would not stay in San Francisco during the summer and run clinics. The real reason was a clash of two strong personalities—Hannum's and Miceli's—and the decision has come back to haunt the Warriors.

But when Bill Sharman coached San Francisco to the finals against Hannum's Philadelphia 76ers, Miceli had done it again. Sometimes it seemed that Miceli was more the embodiment of the American dream than Rick Barry or even Pat Boone. The Warriors were clicking—everyone, even Alex Hannum, said a new dynasty was in the making. The town loved the Warriors. The dream had come true.

"I could feel it," Miceli says, "because I had seen it before with the 49ers and Frankie Albert and with the Giants the year they won the pennant. We had it all last spring: the crowds, people talking everywhere, a TV rating of 52. It was just so great to be a part of it." He walks over to the wall and pulls down an autographed team picture. The Warriors, in the rococo uniforms he designed, are posed in front of the Golden Gate. He names the players now gone. His finger comes to Barry, and he just stops and smiles. "Look at it. Just five months ago. To have the dream go just like that—that hurts more than losing just one great basketball player."

Pat Boone, the man who got Miceli's star, is all of 33 now but his face remains

apple-cheeked, ample-toothed and without a crease. His white shoes are still on his feet. His good-guy image has been unscathed by the vicissitudes of business striving. His firm is called Cooga Mooga, Inc., and is situated on Wilshire Boulevard down in Beverly Hills. The receptionist trills "Cooga Mooga" as a greeting on the phone, and a caller is tempted to respond, "And Cooga Mooga to you." Boone looks serene and remains gracious, but he is harmed. He must devote almost all of his time to the Oaks, and he has already given up one lucrative state-fair singing gig because of the demands of his new job.

Boone originally came into the Oaks "for a couple points" but later lent money to the club, and eventually took it over to protect his investment when ABA Commissioner George Mikan said he could have control for a song. "I really haven't decided yet," Boone says, steeping his hands, "how much of the club I want to own. One of the big things is just the fun of it. It can be such a lark." He says he is trying to sell 30% of the franchise right now (leaving himself with 55% and Barry his 15%). Boone says that associates of his in L.A. are clamoring for shares but that he wants to get Oakland money into the project. However, the present capitalization plan of 20,000 shares at \$100 each apparently has made Bay buyers balk.

Boone's original offer to Barry included a real-estate deal, but Barry's advisers in New York (one of whom played ball for Hale at Miami) counseled Rick to accept the club ownership alternative instead. Barry visited with Nate Thurmond in his apartment just before signing with the Oaks, in an effort to get him to come along, but Thurmond was not swayed. A few days before, in the brief time it takes to share one beer, Thurmond had agreed with Miceli to a long-term contract with salary and benefits that might add up to \$80,000 a year.

The reward Thurmond got for only standing and waiting impresses Barry, and he talks of it wistfully. Barry at first appears as self-assured and direct as ever, but it soon becomes clear that he has permitted an element of doubt to breach his confidence.

"There is no way—no way—that I could have turned that down if Mr. Miceli had offered it to me," he says now. Then he quickly adds, "But I don't have any regrets, and the reason is—

and I never told Franklin this—if Franklin had come up with the right money, the whole thing could have been averted. All of it. The whole thing could have been entirely averted."

For Barry, the greater irony is that Miceli had always assured both his stars that they would be paid virtually the same. Not only that, but it was Barry, before he caught the ABA fever, who urged Miceli to go high for Thurmond so that the ABA would not tempt him. At one point Barry even told Miceli: "Frankie, since I make all that money on the side, and Nate [being Negro] will never get it, don't ever worry about paying him a higher salary than I get. That's only fair." Miceli was so touched by the gesture he "almost choked."

Barry has also had to face the embarrassment of admitting that he was familiar with neither the full range of his contract responsibilities nor the funding of the franchise he had so blithely gambled his future on. He had not even discussed the possibility of being liable for losses as well as a receiver of profits. He says he does not know where the \$750,000 no-return liability figure came from ("I was advised to sign . . . I had no idea"); he never bothered to ask Boone how much of Pat's own money was invested. More embarrassing to Barry, however, is the fact that he will make no more playing in a shaky new league than he could have earned in the NBA. A refreshing, seemingly clever young man, whose confidence and assurance were the trump qualities that helped him to the scoring title and to \$48,000 in salary and bonus and another \$20,000 in related endeavors last year, Barry has been credited with a maturity and acumen far beyond his 23 years. Now, looking back, Barry shakes his head with chagrin. "I should have had a lawyer the whole time. It wouldn't have happened if I had had a lawyer with me."

Miceli also is quick to admit that he, too, made a vital error. His mistake was a carryover from the previous contract he had given Barry—the one Rick signed after his rookie season, in the spring of 1966. When the two met to discuss terms, Miceli told Barry he had a deal for him. "Rick," he said, "you're special to me and to San Francisco. We're lucky. You came at the right time and to the right place. Timing is luck, and you have it. I don't ever want to dicker with you. The special ones—Mays, DiMaggio—no-

continued



Mad Dogs & Englishmen:

They go out in the mid-day sun, we've been told, just so they can come in out of it and enjoy a cool Gordon's Gin and tonic. Or bitter lemon. (Maybe they're not so mad after all!)

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WIDE



BOOTS

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body ever dickers with them, because they're above that. That's the way it should always be out."

Barry was quite willing to agree. He had come into Miesli's office only a short time before and said he would like a Porsche. Miesli got him a Porsche. Now Miesli calls it "a \$6,000 Porsche." Barry says, "Big deal. It cost him \$128 a month to lease." But at that time it was just a nice Porsche to them both, and Barry listened closely to Miesli's plan, which involved a percentage of the gate.

"Everyone told me that it never worked," Miesli says. "But I've succeeded doing things differently, and I thought it was in keeping with how special Rick was. I wanted him to have a real pride, a part in what we had here, so I went ahead despite all the advice." He shrugs, mad at himself. "Well, it was wrong."

Miesli began the '66 talks with an offer of a \$25,000 base salary. Barry, who had been advised by his father-in-law to seek \$50,000, asked for \$30,000. Miesli agreed without dickering. Then he spelled out the bonus deal, which was to be 5% of any increase over the previous season's gate for Barry. Rick agreed—profitably, it developed. The Warriors' gate jumped approximately \$260,000 last year, which gave Barry an additional \$13,000 for a \$43,000 salary, plus \$5,000 from the playoffs and the \$6,000, \$128-a-month Porsche.

So this spring, on May 12, Miesli offered Barry the same kind of deal for 1967-68, but with the base raised to \$40,000. Barry says now he was shocked that the figure was so low, but at the time he did not complain, merely asked that it be raised to \$50,000. Without argument, Miesli complied. Then he took out his pencil and estimated that with that base and the same 5% gate-increase scale, Barry should earn at least \$60,000 and possibly as much as \$75,000. Barry agreed to think it over.

But his pride was wounded, Barry says. He told Hale about the original \$40,000 base salary. Hale was shocked. "He must be kidding," Hale said. "I didn't tell Franklin how disappointed I was," Barry explains, "because if I had and then came back I would be pressuring him into a bidding contest. When I went there the main thing I wanted was to find out exactly what he thought of me, and I sure found out, didn't I? For me to make \$75,000, the gate would

have had to go over a million, and only the Lakers and the Knicks ever did that." As it turned out, he and Miesli never had serious negotiations again. On June 20 Miesli was ready with a contract offering a straight salary deal at the high figure he had mentioned—\$75,000. But he was too late. Barry walked in, said hello, and informed him he had signed with Oakland.

Barry is taking the chance that his more tentative exposure in the ABA will cost him endorsements, but there is just a possibility that Barry could make hundreds of thousands of dollars if Oakland survives. The odds are not locked against the ABA, because basketball is a sport that requires few players and the balance of power can shift quickly—particularly with UCLA's Lew Alcindor available in two years. In two years Rick Barry will be 25 and an owner. Bill Russell, Wilt Chamberlain, Oscar Robertson, Elgin Baylor and Jerry West will all be in their 30s. The ABA, if it keeps Barry and can land Alcindor, would be in a reasonable position to force a merger with the NBA.

That interesting speculation aside, the general reaction has been one of astonishment at how little, relatively, Barry settled for. This leads immediately to the question of how large a part Father-in-Law Hale played, subconsciously and otherwise, in influencing Barry. Many say that Hale was the persuader, and Barry himself is frank to admit "Of course, my father-in-law was a factor."

However, it must be made clear that Barry is not just related to Hale. He has a genuine respect and love for the man. Searching once to explain his feelings about Pat Boone, Barry paid him what he obviously felt to be the ultimate compliment: "The best I can say about Pat is that he is like my father-in-law."

Hale, however, is embarrassed, and when he begins to suggest that he and Rick hardly even discussed the ABA, he manages only to give a greater substance to his alleged influence on Barry. "I truthfully believe that God played a part in bringing me back to California," Hale says. Boone was backstage at a casino in Reno on May 16 when Hale agreed by phone to coach the Oaks. Boone turned to Barry, who was also there, and told him the news. Shortly thereafter Barry visited Hale in Florida, and shortly after that he agreed to sign up with Boone, too.

But however anxious Barry was to play for Hale, he was apparently as strongly disposed not to play for Sharmman. This conflict surfaced when Barry was under oath giving a deposition in the current litigation. "I disliked playing for Bill Sharmman," he said. "I had a run-in with him in Philadelphia. . . . And it was something that just completely turned me against Mr. Sharmman."

Barry adds now: "I don't want to rip the man. I really don't. I won't say what he said to me in Philadelphia, but it was really awful. Paul Neumann, who is an easygoing guy, was standing there next to me, and he heard it and it even upset him. I didn't enjoy last season. Not at all, I'll tell you that. There were a lot of things. I wouldn't like to go through it again. And you can't tell me that if Mr. Miesli hadn't hired Alex Hannum that we wouldn't have won the championship."

Barry remains undecided whether or not he would report to the Warriors if Judge Drewes bars him from playing for Oakland (in which case the \$750,000 penalty would not apply). Miesli could trade Barry. Or, presumably, Boone could step in and pay Barry \$75,000 to sit out the whole deal. In any event, the Warriors have no claim on him past this season. Various and sundry damage suits could top things off. Miesli's legal bill has already soared past \$100,000. The cost of Barry's defense is probably comparable.

It is a high price for recrimination and anguish, and enough has already happened to dim the memories of the glorious season that was to have been the start of a Warrior dynasty. Miesli takes the autographed picture down from the wall, and the smiling, familiar faces look out again. But already, somehow, it seems like a relic found in the attic among old wedding portraits, outgrown army uniforms and Christmas tree ornaments. Miesli handles the picture that way, as something historical and from a long-ago winter, and surely it is.

Rick Barry, the pragmatist, knows as certainly as Franklin Miesli, the sentimentalist, that even if the Warriors should win the injunction and Barry should decide to come back for one more season, there would be neither the time nor the inclination to catch lightning in a bottle again. **END**

The first afternoon in camp the New Orleans Saints rookies scrimmaged. That night two of them packed up and went home. They did not even wait for the 10 bucks due them for their day's work.

"We haven't got time for the guys who don't want to hit," said Tom Fears, head pro with the Los Angeles Rams and hardened as a coach under the iron discipline of Vincent Lombardi at Green Bay. "We want to know now. The guys who went home would have left in a little while anyway. If we win games this year it will be because we're in better shape earlier than the other clubs. So we're going to be in shape when we leave California."

In the bull sessions around the National Football League players until now have generally agreed that the toughest training camp in living memory was the one Norman Van Brocklin ran getting ready for the Minnesota Vikings' second season. Saddled in the first year with, as Van Brocklin put it, "a dog or two from every club in the league," he had operated what pro players call a country club. No one worked too hard, the practices were short and Van Brocklin, everwise what was for him unusual restraint, spoke softly and sweetly to the oldtimers. He felt their pride had been hurt when they had been placed on the available list by their parent teams, and he was trying to rebuild it. After a year he cared less about their pride than he did about their condition. The country club turned into a concentration camp. Fears is starting out with more useful talent than Van Brocklin had at Minnesota, and before his first training camp breaks up the rigors of that Viking second year may he recalled with nostalgia.

Going into the season, the New Orleans Saints must be rated the best of all the expansion clubs. The Dallas Cowboys, hastily assembled after a January league meeting in Miami in 1960, did not participate in the draft of college seniors in their first year and were offered the dregs from the other teams in the league. The Vikings began in time to take first choice in the draft, and the Atlanta Falcons were even better off. They were given two choices in each of the first five rounds of the college draft.

PROMISING ROOKIE back, Don McCall, was once Mills Garret's understudy at USC.

With a strong set of quarterbacks and the best fullback in the game, the New Orleans franchise is off and running by **TEX MAULE**

SOME NEW SAINTS IN THE NFL TEMPLE



The Saints got still more. They were awarded two choices in each of 17 rounds plus three bonus picks and two windfalls no new team could possibly expect. Gary Cuozzo and Jim Taylor (see cover).

Cuozzo is the four-year veteran who has understudied Baltimore's John Unitas with growing impatience since his graduation from the University of Virginia. He asked Carroll Rosenbloom, the owner of the Colts, to trade him, and Rosenbloom, a very fair man, agreed. Taylor, the best fullback in football since the retirement of Jim Brown, played out his option with the Green Bay Packers when Lombardi would not raise his salary to match the pay of bonus babies Jim Grabowski and Donny Anderson. The Saints traded high, valuable draft choices for both men but as a result begin their football life with top men at two key positions—quarterback and fullback.

Cuozzo is a real plum. At 26, he has been so thoroughly schooled by Unitas that he actually resembles him in execution and manner. He had few chances to play at Baltimore but did exceedingly well when, because of injuries to Unitas, he got into games. In 1965, for instance, Cuozzo took over against Minnesota on a cold, sleety and wind-swept afternoon. He led the Colts to a 41-21 victory, throwing five touchdown passes. The game prompted Van Brocklin to resign for 24 hours.

"Maybe on another team a day like that would move you up to No. 1," Cuozzo said the other afternoon in the dormitory at California Western University, the campus in San Diego where the Saints train to avoid the sticky heat of the Louisiana summer. "But with Johnny Unitas at quarterback, you just go back to the bench as soon as he gets well. I'm not complaining about that. Johnny U. is the best, and I'm thankful that I got to watch him for four years. I learned a lot. But there wasn't any future at Baltimore, and I knew it."

Cuozzo is quiet and intense and reminds you more of Bart Starr in his personality than of Unitas. He is a devout Catholic, does not smoke or drink and devotes the off seasons to studying dentistry in Memphis. He is a careful, thoughtful man with a flair for

planning ahead, on and off the field.

"After last year, I decided that I would have to do something if I didn't want to spend the rest of my pro life on the bench," he said. "First I went to Johnny to find out what his plans were. If he had said he was going to retire in a year or so I probably would have stayed with the Colts, but Johnny said he wanted to play as long as he could, maybe another four or five years or more. So then I told

Mr. Rosenbloom and Don Kelleff [then general manager] that I wanted to be traded because I felt that I was wasting the best years of my career. Mr. Rosenbloom is a fine and generous man, and he agreed to trade me."

Cuozzo is lucky. Not many owners in football would be willing to trade so promising a prospect, no matter how unhappy he might be. Although the Saints have two other experienced quarterbacks

continued



TOP DRAFT CHOICE was lanky Les Kelley, 233-pound back from University of Alabama

in Bill Kilmer of San Francisco and ex-Cornellian Gary Wood of the New York Giants, it seems assured that Cuzcozo will be No. 1. During one of Fears's long, punishing scrimmages recently Cuzcozo was observed by Clark Shaughnessy, the one man who probably had more to do with the development of the modern T-formation and the T-formation quarterback than any other person. Shaughnessy at 75 is still active, and his quick, sharp blue eyes miss none of the nuances of football.

He watched Cuzcozo drop back quickly, set up and throw, the ball arching deep downfield into the arms of a rookie flanker—who dropped it.

"He has the moves," Shaughnessy said. "I watch the footwork when I look at a quarterback. How fast he goes back, how he sets up, if he's balanced when he throws. This guy has all of it."

Cuzcozo got most of it from watching Unitas.

"I patterned my drop-back on him," he said. "I wasn't getting back quick enough and I wasn't cooked to throw when I set up, so I watched movies of him. He takes choppy steps toward the end of the drop-back so that he can step up into the cup at the end and get his body as well as his arm into the throw. I tried it and it worked."

In the long scrimmages Cuzcozo spends a good deal of his time handing off to the thickly built, rock-hard Taylor. Had his career not paralleled that of Jim Brown, Taylor probably would have been regarded during the last 10 years as the best back in pro football. He does not have Brown's breakaway speed, but he is the surest short-yardage ballcarrier in the business, a fact he demonstrated time and again in scrimmage as he hanged away at the Saint line with all the ferocious impact and continuing drive that has marked his play in regular games. The young backs on the Saint roster, including Don McCall of USC and Les Kelley of Alabama, who show exceptional promise, watched him in awe.

"He shows you something," one of the youngsters said after Taylor had slanted off a block and plowed through tacklers for seven or eight yards, his legs churning in short, jolting steps. "See the way he moves off to the side? I mean, bum, bum, bum, three little skips and he's two yards over, and he's still got his legs under him ready to move out." He shook his head sadly. "A man's

got a lot to learn up here," he said.

After the workout, Taylor lay on the bed in the second-floor dormitory room that he shared with Paul Hornung before Hornung, who came to the Saints from Green Bay in the veteran draft, announced his retirement. A chronic neck condition aggravated last season has resulted in damage to Hornung's spinal cord. On this afternoon he had just returned from a meticulous examination at the Mayo Clinic, and the report was not good. A similar neck injury could result in paralysis.

"That's it, baby," Hornung said, making a chopping motion with his right hand. "Cut it again and nothing from the chin down." (He was later examined by two other clinics, but the results were not positive enough to justify the risk of his playing for the Saints.)

"If we were to play the Packers," Hornung added, "maybe I'd come back for that game, no matter what the doctors say." He grinned, not unduly disturbed by the approaching end of his career. "It was good for a long time. It can't go on forever."

Taylor, lying flat on the bed with his eyes closed, grunted. "Season gets longer and longer," someone said, and he opened his eyes.

"You got to say that!" he asked, moving painfully. "You couldn't just sit here and not say a thing like that? Don't tell me about how long the season gonna be and it's only early July. Every game could be a season long if you talk like that."

Taylor's decision to play out his option with the Packers was not a sudden one. It began to percolate in his mind when Green Bay signed Grabowski and Anderson to contracts that totaled nearly a million dollars, although he had nothing against the youngsters for the money they made.

"More power to them," he said. "Got to get it ahead if you're gonna get it. It's easier to get it in front than after you been playing. I know the old man didn't break his back to gimme what I wanted." Taylor asked Lombardi for a healthy increase in salary after the 1965 season, but Lombardi made little effort to meet his demands.

"He come up a little," Taylor said. "Not much. He didn't seem to be much interested in keeping me. It didn't make any difference to me, because I know how much I was worth, and I figured I'd get it somewhere."



STEINER HEAD COACH is Tom Fears (above), who came to the Saints from Atlanta. Relieved owner (below) is Oldman John Meemon Jr.



But Taylor misses the Packer ambience. The atmosphere in the Saint camp is remarkably different from that of a veteran team. For Taylor, whose whole career was spent as a Packer, it has taken some getting used to.

"Everything was set on the Packers," he said. "You knew who was going to play where, and it was comfortable. Here no one has a job, and you don't know who will be around when the season starts. This is a lot younger team."

The fact that few players are sure of their jobs lends a special urgency to Saint practices. Fears has underlined this in his approach to the development of a cohesive unit. And Fears himself sought the head coaching job with a special urgency.

"I didn't wait for them to come to me," he said frankly. He is an earnest man who was an all-pro end in his playing days with the Rams. Van Brocklin, one of the two Ram quarterbacks with Bob Waterfield when Fears played, has said of him, "He was a game-breaker, a guy who always came up with his best play when you needed it most. He was a winner."

Fears felt, with reason, that he was peculiarly well qualified for the Saints' coaching job. "I spent five years with Lombardi," he said. "You can't help but learn a lot from him. Then last season I was with Norb Hecker of the Falcons, so I had a year's experience coaching an expansion club. I pointed all this out, but it was still a long sweat before they made up their minds."

When John Mecom Jr. and the other Saint owners finally called Fears down to Houston—where Mecom has offices—Tom shocked them.

"When I told them what terms I wanted, it set them back," he said, smiling. "Here was a guy who had been after the job as hard as he could go, and now he asks for a long contract and a lot of money. I didn't get all I asked for. We sort of compromised, but I've got time to develop the team."

Once he was hired, Fears began studying the rosters of the other clubs in the NFL, trying to guess which players they would make available to him.

"We spent three weeks, day and night, studying rosters," he said. "Marda Gras week came along, and I still have to see my first Marda Gras. First, of course, we wanted a quarterback and we thought we might get Fran Tarkenton, but we

were real lucky. No matter what you pay for a quarterback the quality of Cuozzo, it's cheap, and we paid less than the Giants did for Tarkenton."

Fears finally decided to take the best athletes and, to a certain extent, disregard what position they played. "We kept in mind a little balance, but first we wanted good, young athletes," he said.

Although league rules did not permit Fears to contact individual hallplayers, he wanted ahead of the veteran draft, he did have other sources of information about players he was interested in.

"Being with Atlanta the year before was a big help," Fears said. "Atlanta was made up of players from all over the league, so I always had someone to call to give me information."

Before he took Hornung, Fears called Lombardi. "The old man told me that Hornung would never play for me, but I thought it was a good calculated risk," Fears said. "No one knew the extent of his injury then. He was worth drafting though, because of the spirit he brought to camp. He's a lifer—he brings a club up just being around."

Fears's policy of drafting for athletic ability first and position second resulted in his getting a trio of good linebackers from Baltimore. After he had taken a linebacker on his first choice from the Colts, Baltimore felt he would not need another and left two more linebackers ungarded. Fears took them, too. Now, in Jack Burkett, Ted Davis and Steve Stonebreaker, he has a seasoned trio who should be more effective because they have played together.

The veterans from other teams have reacted well to the tough camp. Most of them are in the first two or three years of their careers, and most played behind good men on the clubs they came from.

"It's a new lease on life," says Kilmer. "You have a chance to be a starter here, so you work a lot harder. I'm throwing better now than I ever did at San Francisco because I'm getting a chance to throw. You see these guys hit in scrimmage? We have a fight nearly every day because everyone's battling for a job that's open. The veterans try like rooks."

Fears, in late trades, has added a leavening of experience to the team. He obtained Doog Atkins and Herman Lee from the Bears, both in their 30s and with years of experience.



DEFENSE VETERAN in the line, after 14 years with the Chicago Bears is End Doog Atkins.

"You need some old heads around to settle the youngsters," Fears said. "And Atkins is still one of the best defensive ends in football. Lee'll help where we need help most—in the offensive line. We want a young club, but we want to win some games, too."

An interested observer at every practice is Mecom. A big man, the 28-year-old Mecom might be mistaken for a tight end if he suited up. Preparing for his first year as a pro football owner, he trimmed off 40 pounds to a svelte 200, and he expects to lose even more before the year is out.

"How do they look?" he asked a visitor, anxiously, the other day.

"Good," he was told. "They look now like the best of the expansion teams. They won't win a division championship, but they could surprise some clubs early in the year."

"How many games you figure we can win?"

"Three or four. Five if you're lucky."

Mecom's face fell a bit, but he rallied quickly, watching Taylor churn away.

"Maybe we'll do better than that," he said. "You can never tell."

He won't need a diet to lose weight if he worries about winning more than five games.

END

A GALLERY OF THE GREAT

A good Thoroughbred racehorse has a mettlesome look: brimming with spirit, courageous. The champion often possesses, in addition, an air of hauteur, or so it seems to human eyes. But no visible sign of temper or talent, of color or conformation, indicates whether he will transmit his attributes of excellence to his sons and daughters. Champions, experience shows, rarely reproduce themselves, and many—like Swaps (*opposite*)—are the offspring of undistinguished runners. In Photographer Jerry Cooke's handsome portfolio of stallions who have achieved fame in the U.S. (*following pages*) nearly all are distinguished by their records on the track. A rare few have had notable success as both racers and sires.



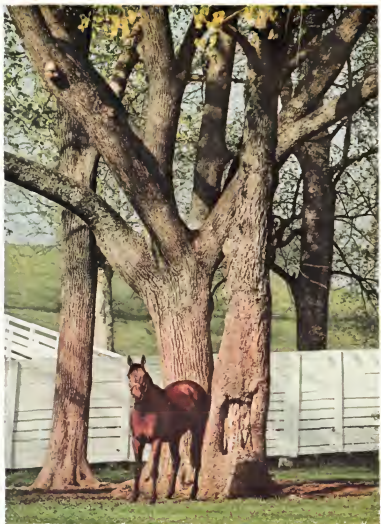
SWAPS won 19 of 25 races during his career, including the 1955 Kentucky Derby, though he was bothered continuously by an injured foot. His best offspring have been Chateaugay, Primonetta and Affectionately.



NATIVE DANCER, here enjoying a roll in the dirt, was second only once, in the 1953 Derby, won 21 other races. He has sired European stars Hula Dancer and Dan Cupid and Derby and Preakness winner Kauai King.



KHALED was not a champion when he raced abroad but was bought as a stallion for \$160,000 by Rex Elsworth because of his perfect conformation. Swaps is the most famous son of this leading California sire.



RIBOT, the Italian-bred 15-year-old son of Tenerani, won all of his 16 races in Italy, France and England, including two successive victories in the Arc de Triomphe. In the U.S. he has sired Tom Rolfe and Graustark.



NEEDLES was the first Florida-bred to win the Kentucky Derby and the Belmont. A son and grandson of Derby winners (Ponder and Pensive), Needles' presence in Ocala has given much impetus to Florida breeding



COUNT FLEET, now 27, is one of only eight horses to win the Triple Crown. He went to stud after triumphs in 16 of 21 races, has sired, among many others, Mud of Flight, dam of five-time champion Kelso.



TOM FOOL missed the classics as a 3-year-old in 1952, but the following season he accomplished the amazing feat of winning all 10 of his starts in the exacting handicap divisions. Buckpasser heads the list of his sons.



NASHUA, beaten by Swaps in the Derby, won the Preakness and Belmont and squared matters with Swaps in their famous match race. A temperamental son of Nasrullah, he has yet to achieve top ranking as a sire.



BOLD RULER, another Nasrullah offspring with a disposition of his own, was brilliant at middle distances in 1957, and so are his numerous talented progeny. But few have shown the staying ability for a classic route.

Something great has come to pass.



The modified Opel. We created a rally machine with power brakes all around and discs in front. We added radial ply tires and larger wheels. And we modified our basic engine with twin carbs and exhausts. So it turns out 24% more horsepower. Then we overhauled the looks. We did it with rally lights and stripes and a choice of sharp exterior colors. Inside we included a 3-spoke simulated wood wheel and a sport shift console with gauges. Then we tagged all this with a low price. It's the one item we modified the least. And that's something pretty great all by itself.

Bulck's new Opel Rallye. \$2192.*



*Manufacturer's suggested retail price p.o.e. East Coast (slightly higher West Coast). Includes Federal Excise Tax, suggested dealer delivery and handling charge. Transportation charges, accessories, optional equipment, state and local taxes are additional.



DREDGING UP A TEXAS SQUABBLE

A few people have been making a lot of money by taking oyster shells from Galveston Bay. Conservationists maintain that the practice is decimating the live beds and polluting the water

by **EDWIN SHRAKE**

Spotting here and there on Galveston Bay, where the pirate Jean Lafitte used to sail, are half a dozen clumsy bargelike vessels that have in the past few years stirred Texans into a family squabble resounding with predictions of doom from one side and nervous denials from the other. The vessels are dredges that suck oyster shell from great reefs. The shell is used for paving materials, concrete, chicken and cattle feed, for the manufacture of plate glass, aluminum, textiles and dry ice, for fertilizer, soap, magnesium and many other items—including the Houston Astrodome, which required 500,000 cubic yards of shell in

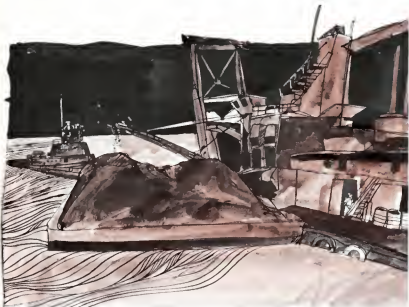
the construction of its stadium and parking lot. A number of industries in the Houston-Galveston area depend, or claim to depend, on the production of oyster shell, which is, to the Texas dredgers, a \$25,000,000 per year business.

Conservationists maintain the dredgers are destroying the natural reefs in the complex of Galveston, Trinity, East and West Bay, killing live oysters, disrupting the cycles of marine life, menacing the rare birds on Vintun Island, silting the bottoms, polluting the water and setting up bay-side towns for devastation by the next major hurricane. As hurricanes tend to occur during intense sun-spot ac-

tivity, and as such a condition is predicted late this year, there is talk of cataclysm. "Without these natural breakwaters in the bay, I shudder to think what the wind and waves would do," says Keith Ozmoore, former outdoor editor of the late *Houston Press*, former executive secretary of the Save Our Shell movement and current administrative assistant to Bob Eckhardt, a Democratic Congressman from Houston.

"Nonsense," replies Bob Parker Jr., vice-president of one of the major dredging firms based in Houston. "That is just theory. Nobody knows what will happen." The dredgers say that the fish and

continued



oyster yield in Texas bays has risen, that dredging helps clear pollution by increasing the circulation of currents, and that much of the disputed water is already poisoned and of little value, anyway.

In a way the argument is the same one that is going on across the country—the conservationists vs. what Justice William O. Douglas calls “the Ahabs.”

“It’s impossible to run a society without depleting natural resources,” says Parker. “This is a problem, no doubt of that. But this shell is needed by the people and the industry of the Gulf Coast, and we’re doing a great deal toward replacing it with artificial reefs that grow more oysters. The conservationists ought

to do more work and less howling.”

Is the shell really needed? Most of the country does without it. Huge beds like those of Pocomoke Sound have been destroyed by overdredging, and Maryland has gotten by somehow. Will the artificial reefs be successful over a period of time? What will truly be the effect on marine and human life if the reefs are removed? The answers are conjectural, but it is not hard to explain how Texas got itself into this argument in the first place.

According to geological supposition, the Galveston Bay area was formed during the last ice age by silt flowing down the deep troughs of the Trinity and San Jacinto rivers. As water levels rose from

melting ice the rivers no longer flowed as rapidly, and the 50-fathom curve moved as far as 100 miles from shore. Silt, tides and hurricanes produced the bays of brackish waters preferred by oysters.

Oysters are extremely vulnerable creatures. A female oyster releases about half a million eggs during spawning season from March to November in the warm Gulf Coast water, and about one in 4,000,000 reaches maturity. Eggs and sperm meet somewhat by chance. A fertilized egg produces a larva in from two to five hours. The larvae swim about near the surface, often moving as much as five miles, thus changing what is a dead reef one year into a live one the next. With



the eggs and sperm, the larvae are part of the sea's basic food supply, plankton. Not one oyster in a million lives to reach market. But so many oysters have been laid down during the ages that the great reefs along the Texas Gulf Coast have supplied dredgers since 1880, when the shell was loaded onto wheelbarrows by shovels.

As industries began to thrive from the use of dead shell, the dredgers naturally began to take more of it. In Texas the dredgers were taking more than 12 million cubic yards of shell per year, paying the state a royalty of 15¢ per cubic yard, which is much less than comparable oil and gas royalties and far less than the

90¢-per-cubic-yard royalty charged by Maryland.

The old Texas Game and Fish Commission had two important regulations for dredgers: 1) no dredge could operate within 1,500 feet of a "live" reef (one containing five or more barrels of live oysters per 2,500 square feet), and 2) no dredge could operate unless there was at least a two-foot overburden of silt on the reef, which would mean that the reef was dead. In 1961, on behalf of the Texas dredgers, W. D. Haden of Houston applied for permission to dredge all the shell from several major reefs in the Galveston Bay area within seven years, arguing that shell was a valuable resource and that the bays were so polluted the oysters were inedible. A tremendous political fight ensued.

Howard Dodgen, executive secretary of the Texas Game and Fish Commission, said, "If the dredgers are given the go-ahead, the oyster industry will be destroyed for all time to come." In the summer of 1963 Texas Governor John Connally asked the legislature to combine the nine-man Texas Game and Fish Commission with the five-man Parks Commission. Sportsmen's clubs agreed, with the understanding that fishing-license fees would go to fishing facilities rather than into the parks, of which Texas has pitifully few. The legislature went along with Connally. A new Parks and Wildlife Commission was created. The three members were Will Odum of Austin, a geologist, engineer and independent oil and gas producer, James M. Dellinger of Corpus Christi, a road contractor who has used much oyster shell in construction, and A. W. Moursund, a Johnson City lawyer who serves as trustee for President Johnson's personal business affairs, has a direct telephone line to the White House and claims it is his job to keep the President's affairs secret from the President to avoid conflict of interest. Moursund's name is one of those, along with White House staffers and secret service agents, that appear on a mimeographed passenger list used on presidential helicopters.

Within two months after creation of the new commission, four dredging firms asked for unrestricted dredging rights. At the time it was estimated that the 120 mil-

lion cubic yards of obtainable shell which remained would last about five years. Dodgen, who had been immediately retired by the new commission, was kept on as consultant but had no office, and his only duty was to pick up his paycheck once a month. Parks and Wildlife hearings on dredging were closed to the public. The *Houston Press*, dying but still trying, said the Coastal Fisheries Function, a division of Parks and Wildlife, had submitted a report claiming that dredging within 1,500 feet of a live reef would kill oysters—which is what the Game and Fish Commission had said in September of 1962—but the report was never released. "The state government," says Justice Douglas in *Farewell to Texas, a Fading Wilderness*, "is solidly controlled by The Establishment." Any project that can be relegated to state agencies, says Douglas, can be controlled by the Establishment.

"I have repeatedly asked for the conclusions of the study supposedly made by the Parks and Wildlife Commission, but I couldn't get them until a recent Corps of Engineers hearing on the matter," says Eckhardt. "Then I got an old tentative report from Bob Sangleston [former regional director of the Coastal Fisheries Function, now executive director of Parks and Wildlife] saying 1,200 feet was the closest a dredge should be allowed to a reef. That is the most arrogant board I ever ran into. Once I asked how much money the state took in from dredging royalties, and it took me a year to get an answer from Will Odum. It seems obvious that with all this secrecy the Parks and Wildlife conclusions are not on a sound basis. I voted for the creation of the new commission [when Eckhardt was a state representative] because I thought a merger of the two agencies would help. I didn't realize there was a bug under the chip."

While dredgers' requests were being considered in private by the Parks and Wildlife Commission, the outcry from oyster fishermen, sportsmen's clubs and conservationists was embarrassing Connally. A governor who takes a stand on a controversial issue in favor of the best interests of the people without considering the politics involved is a rare governor indeed; Connally had little to

continued

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say about the oyster-dredging matter.

On October 11, 1963 a compromise was announced: the dredgers would be allowed to operate to within 300 feet of a live reef. The sportsmen and conservationists complained that such a rule would turn all oyster reefs into dead ones, and that the compromise was in effect granting the dredgers exactly what they had asked. In February 1964 the commission ruled that if dredgers were damaging reefs they would have to move back another 300 feet.

"The trouble with that is in the policing of it," says Eckhardt. "Such a thing is very difficult to control, and putting dredgers in charge of the safety of live oysters is like putting a possum in charge of the chicken coop. To visualize Galveston Bay, imagine an underwater Grand Canyon with long fingers extended in cuts and ridges. High points come up far from major structures of reefs as towhead reefs, which can be dredged. Cut off the towheads, keep moving in on the major structures, and you are gradually destroying the oysters. The statistical fact that oyster production is up in the bay area is meaningless. Since Hurricane Carla many boats from Louisiana are operating in Galveston Bay. The production per boat is down."

Last January, Moursund's term on the Parks and Wildlife Commission expired, and he was replaced by Harry Jersig, a brewery president from San Antonio who was responsible for the successful program to transplant rainbow trout to Texas waters. Jersig, described by one of his executives as a sportsman, statesman and all-round great fellow, has refused to make a statement about the dredging argument, having had it explained on his behalf that anything he said about the controversy would be so bland as to be not worth the ink it would take to print it. "There are sportsmen and then there are sportsmen," says State Senator A. R. Schwartz, a Democrat from Galveston. "Most of these sportsmen you run into have never spent much time along the Gulf and know little about it. When they talk about sport fishing they mean catching bullfish out of \$100,000 yachts. They don't realize how many people there are who have little skiffs or \$10 rowboats and whose idea of sport fishing is catching trout or redfish in the bays." There are arguments about the effect dredging has on sea trout—the weakfish of the Texas coast—and redfish. Some say fishing is

better, and some say it is worse. "I used to fish the bays as much as anybody," says Merle Bonneau, who has worked 32 years as a dredger for Parker Brothers & Co. "On a 15-day vacation I would fish 14 days. I haven't wet a line in the bay in three years now. The water is too oily. The fish are still fun to catch, but you can't eat them. I wouldn't eat a raw oyster that came out of Galveston Bay. Pollution comes down the ship channel from Houston or from the oil rigs or from sewage. But you don't read much about what the oil companies are doing to the bays. The oil-company big shots are the big sportsmen who'd rather blame everything on us."

The Galveston Bay area is, indeed, a cheerless sight. The water has the feel of lightweight motor oil. The Houston ship channel, which comes through Galveston Bay, is a 50-mile-long river of filth. More than half the bay is off limits for oyster fishing because of pollution. "The biggest source of pollution is sewage," says Terrence Leary of the Coastal Fisheries Function. "In the bay area there is a lot of sewage and few sewage-treatment plants. The waste goes through oysters and is toxic if the oysters are eaten raw. Tankers pumping their bilges at night are a problem, too, but spill from oil wells is rare. Sewage is the main thing to worry about."

"The bays are not polluted beyond repair," says Eckhardt. "If we can clean up the pollution, the oysters and fish will revive." The Federal Water Quality Act required the states to establish certain standards by June 30, although it is easy to be skeptical about the enforcement of those standards. Eckhardt blames part of the pollution on silt from dredges and has a photograph taken in orbit by an astronaut showing silt forming in the pass between Bolivar Peninsula and Galveston Island. "Our dredges were eight or 10 miles from there," says Parker. "That's not our silt. It comes from the rivers and is stirred up by currents."

Industries along the Gulf Coast do as much as dredgers to keep pressure on politicians to allow dredging to continue. Every year plants around Houston produce enough cement to build a concrete highway from that city to Los Angeles. Millions of dollars are invested in allied industries, and thousands of jobs are affected. "They claim they can't get along without shell," says Schwartz, "but they certainly can. What will they do when

continued

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TEXAS SQUABBLE *continued*

the shell runs out in a few years?" The answer is they will use limestone, which has roughly the same calcium-carbonate makeup as shell. There are almost unlimited limestone deposits in the Texas Hill Country, 175 miles from the dredges. Some have suggested facetiously that when shell runs out the Texas Hill Country will become the Texas Pit Country. "Maybe the dredgers are doing a bad thing," says one Texas political figure. "But when somebody is trying to put somebody else out of business I look to see who stands to profit. Who owns most of the limestone? Who will ship it? The polluters along the coast benefit by keeping the heat on the dredgers and off themselves. Knowing the dredgers will continue to operate. Now watch and see who leaps in when the shell is gone."

It is possible the dredgers will not continue to operate. In the federal bill that regulates estuaries Galveston Bay is defined as an estuary. Eckhardt has found a requirement that Corps of Engineers permits must be issued for dredging in navigable waters. The Parker Brothers had a permit that expired and have requested another. Other dredgers have no permits. The entire matter could eventually be decided by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service of the Department of the Interior.

If members of the Fish and Wildlife Service should ever be so pedestrian as to consult the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, they would read: "The simplest form of oyster culture is the preservation of natural oyster beds. Upon this, in fact, depends the whole future of the industry, since it is not probable that any system of artificial breeding can be devised which will render it possible to keep up a supply without at least occasional recourse to seed oysters produced under natural conditions. It is the opinion of almost all who have studied the subject that any natural bed may in time be destroyed by overfishing, by burying the breeding oysters, by covering up the projections suitable for the reception of spat and by breaking down, through the action of heavy dredges, the ridges which were especially fitted to be the seats of colonies."

"There is little time left," says State Representative Ed J. Harris from Galveston. "The shell in Galveston Bay, including the live reefs, will be gone in less than a decade. If the next legislature approves this selfish destruction, as this one did, it will be too late."

END

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Exploding your way through grass

Here is a peculiar shot that comes up much more often than you might think, not only on courses in sandy areas but around bunkers everywhere. I faced it twice in the Doral Open this spring, and both times I played it less than perfectly before learning why. The ball is in grass, or has tufts of grass around it, but the surrounding material is mostly loose sand. I always thought there were two alternatives with such a shot: play a delicate chip, picking the ball clean, or hit a regular bunker-type explosion. But I found—in spite of the fact that it demands more nerve—that the shot *must* be played as an explosion. The sand provides a cushion, more of one than you think will be there when you inspect the lie. By coming into the ball firmly with a sand wedge and using a strong right hand, you can get the shot up quickly and with lots of backspin. The heavy blade of the wedge will tear right through the tufts of grass as if they were not there.

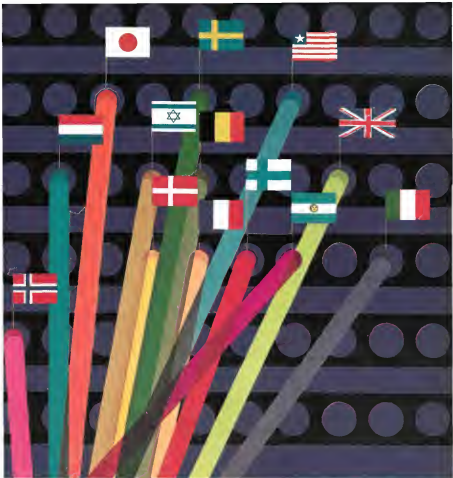
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The swing is that of the normal bunker shot, with an outside-in arc (above), weight to the left and strong follow-through (right).





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For instance, wouldn't it be simpler if there were only four brands of toothpaste instead of 68? And who needs all those flavors? Most people like peppermint so why shouldn't they all be peppermint? Don't

laugh. There really are people—well-meaning people—who think the government ought to regulate the number of brands on the market and standardize their contents. In other words, they want to do your shopping for you. That's nice of them. But, has anyone asked you about it?

Maybe you don't like peppermint.

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The Democrats lost another one to the Republicans, but they weren't panicking yet. This off-year contest was at baseball and the Congressional Democrats charge-browed their way to a fifth consecutive loss, 9-2, at Washington's D.C. Stadium. **Morris Udall's** all-stars committed six errors in four innings and allowed five stolen bases. After gaining his fourth victory, Republican Representative **Robert Michel** of Illinois availed the injured by revealing that he had pitched with a sore arm. Democratic Pitcher Udall went to the mound wearing a black Moshe Dayan eyepatch. All the patch did was impair his vision. He walked the first batter, Representative **Doe (Baz) Lukens** of Ohio, on four pitches. Taking conservative leads, Lukens then stole second and third. Udall discarded the eyepatch. Tiring in later innings (the third and fourth), Udall had to take something off his best pitches, the Romney fadeaway and the credibility sinker. GOP Manager **Salvo (Slasher) Corie** unkindly said that Udall never did have much on the ball. Representative **Bob Mathias** of California, the former Olympic de-

cathlon champion, slammed an impoverished Great Society golf ball all the way to the base of the center-field wall.

Princess Anne (below), feebly attired in seaworthy hair-do, blue jeans, blue-and-white-striped sweater and blue anorak, was having a royal time aboard the royal yacht *Blondeau*. So, obviously, was her escort, **Little Lord Burghersh**—book-reading son of the Earl of Westmorland, lord-in-waiting to the Queen. The 16-year-old Anne and Burghersh were doing some waving of their own. Piloted by Prince Philip, the *Blondeau* lagged in the Britannia Cup event of the Royal Yacht Squadron's three-day regatta at Cowes off the Isle of Wight. The Westmorland family motto, "Disgrace not the altar," did not seem to fit into the picture at all.

Beastie John Lennon might know something about tuning guitars, but when it comes to automobiles it's a hard day's night. Tony Barrow, the Beatles' PR man, was riding with John in a Mini when he could stand a new Beatle tune no longer. "Why are you bashing the gears in and not

using the clutch?" he asked in horror. "Are you supposed to, then?" Lennon replied. "I thought that was just for when you're learning."

Representative **Ted Kupferman**, Republican of New York, rubber-railed down the Grand Canyon. Kupferman claims Lyndon Johnson made him promise to pack up bear cars Bobby Kennedy left along the way.

Why was **Walter Alston** wasting that kind of luck on golf when his Los Angeles Dodgers could have been using it to dig themselves deeper into the second division? Manager Alston fired—don't use that word—a hole in one into the 310-yard 10th hole at Fox Hills Country Club in Culver City. Unfortunately, Alston was on an adjoining driving range when he hit the shot.

The Democratic organization in Pennsylvania, which loses no chance to ride Republican Governor **Raymond Shafer**, labeled the chief executive a horse thief last week without even a neighbor. The rumor started when Democratic Auditor General Grace M. Sloan's agents found two horses missing during an inventory of the state police academy at Hershey. Amish and Aqua were tracked to a stable near the executive mansion at Indiantown Gap, where they were supposedly sent "for the pleasure of the Governor's daughter." Shafer's press secretary, Jack Conmy, called for a halter on such accusations. Jane has her own horse, he snorted. However, he admitted, a security man rides with her, and also needs a nag. Moreover, the Governor sometimes rides, and how could he ride without a horse? Conmy also noted that there have been state-owned horses at Indiantown Gap since 1943. The Shafer administration never tried to deny all Mrs. Sloan's reverberators had positively identified the missing horses by hoof

plates, the equine equivalent of fingerprinting, before telling State Police Commissioner Frank McKetta to return the beasts—on the gallop. Recovering missing horses is nothing new for Mrs. Sloan, it develops. She was already an honorary member of the Clanton County Anti-Horsechief Association.

It was quite a burst of applause for a schoolgirl winning a 220-yard dash. But then the tall, mop-haired Kikuyu girl had just tied a Kenya women's record for the event, 26.6 seconds. Then, too, she was **Jane Kenyatta** (below), daughter of President Jomo Kenyatta. Jane, a boarding student in Baden Powell House at Kenya Girls High School, had run with bandages wrapped around a gashed left knee to help Nairobi province win the Kenya Interprovincial Secondary Schools Athletic Championships. A product of interscholastic competition which National Coach John Velizian calls "very much superior" to that in most of the rest of the world, Mrs. Kenyatta is now a probable Kenya Olympic team member for the 1988 Games in Mexico City.





POWERFUL STAUB wears spikes at bat but on base switches to soccer-style cleats



Houston's boy is now a man

Rusty Staub, signed at 18 as Houston's hope of the future, got off to an uncertain start, but now, at 23, he's a contender for the batting title

Only four years ago he was clumsy and awkward as a colt—which was fitting in a way, since he played in the outfield for the Houston Colt .45s. Every time a batted ball came his way he seemed to shy at it and then chase it in the wrong direction. They tried him at first base. One night Pitcher Hal Woodeshock caught baserunner Pete Rose of Cincinnati leaning the wrong way and picked him off first. He picked off his first baseman, too. The ball flew past 19-year-old Rusty Staub's ear, rolled down into the right-field corner and Rose ran all the way around the bases and scored. It was hilarious.

"He never saw it," said the late Fred Hutchinson, then manager of the Reds. "But they won't be laughing at that kid three or four years from now. There aren't too many laughing at him right now when he's up at that dishrag." Houston sent him back into the outfield again, where he might endanger a ball game now, and then but not his life. And Hutchinson was right. Now, in August 1967, Rusty Staub is up there with the best hitters in the major leagues: Clemente, Cepeda, Robinson—with a batting average in the .350s.

There were those who said Staub should have been hitting like that all along. He always had the swing, they insisted, that marvelous swing. Ted Williams called him one of the best young hitters he ever saw. But today Rusty Staub does not even stand at the plate the way he used to—upright, proud, his bat gripped down at the end and held high, ready for the big swing, instead, he bends at the knees and at the waist, squeezes the bat an inch above the knob and strokes the pitch into left field, center or right. "I see the Astroshired Harry Walker as a hitting coach," said Philadelphia Manager Gene Mauch recently. "Well, I'll tell you this, the best batting coach Houston ever had is Rusty Staub. That boy made himself into a hitter, and he did one hell of a job."

Daniel Joseph Staub has been called Rusty since April Fool's Day 1944, when he was born. "I wanted to name him Daniel so I could call him Danny for short," said Mrs. Staub, who is, of course, Irish. "But one of the nurses nicknamed him Rusty for the red fuzz he had all over his head, and it stuck."

The name and the fuzz. Today Staub's hair is red, a flaming red that looks even redder when he wears that loud blue sports jacket he had on last week in Philadelphia. He has brown eyes that open wide when he speaks, and freckles, hundreds of freckles, scattered like friendly measles all over a face that turns pink under too much sun.

He grew up on the corner of Royal Street near Almonaster in New Orleans, about five minutes from the French Quarter. When he was 3 years old his father, a schoolteacher, shoved a bat into his hands with orders to "swing it," and Rusty did. At acorns, apples, rocks, basketballs, softballs—anything fly the taste he was 10, playing in games with boys two and three years older. Staub could put his bat on any pitch thrown to him. Later, when he played American Legion baseball, he helped Crescent City Post 125 win the national championship in Hastings, Neb. The plane ride back to New Orleans—and the 4,000 people who met the team at the airport—gave Staub a thrill that was the greatest he's ever had in baseball. "When you're a hunch of kids who haven't been away from home much, that is an exciting thing to be a part of," Staub remembers. "A hand, Your folks. Your girl. There aren't many times in your life when you're so happy you have to fight back tears."

By his senior year in high school Staub was "hitting 300 on home runs alone" and was having difficulty accommodating all the major league scouts on his doorstep. Ted Williams came down from Boston for the Red Sox and talked to Rusty about hitting and fishing—which

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gave Staub his second biggest thrill in baseball. Scouts from 16 teams were there, or on their way, when Hurricane Carla blew in. Two Phillies scouts, pressed by their management for a report on Staub, said, "He sure runs well in the rain." But Hurricane Carla could not put off Paul Richards, then general manager of the new Houston franchise. "I wanted Houston from the start," Staub says, "because that looked like the quickest route to the big leagues. When Mr. Richards made his offer, I signed."

He got \$90,000 and all the pressure a new major league franchise could exert on an 18-year-old Houston inside it clear that it looked upon Rusty Staub as the child who would lead the club out of the wilderness someday. After all the press conferences were over, he was sent to Durham in the Carolina League, where he batted .293 and hit 23 home runs, and the next year he was up with Houston. He batted only .224 for the season, got off to a worse start the following year and in July, when he was batting .202, Houston farmed him out again, this time to Oklahoma City. "It might as well have been the end of the world," Staub recalls. "I bit my lip all the way to the airport to keep from crying. Then, on the plane, I broke down."

A year later he was back with Houston, batting a promising .256 and beginning to think like a major leaguer. When the Astros moved under the Dome, Staub took to wearing special rubber-cleaned shoes on the Astroturf because of ankle defects that had caused him to be rejected for military service. He wears conventional spikes on his left foot when batting, changing into the special shoe whenever he reaches base. Last year he hit .280 with 13 home runs and 81 runs batted in and was named the Astros' Most Valuable Player.

"I've got power," says Staub, "but not enough to hit home runs consistently in the Astrodome. I had to decide what kind of hitter I was going to be. Now I go up to bat with the idea of hitting the ball where it's pitched and hitting it on a line or on the ground. I tell myself to stay back and wait until I see the pitch. When I do I attack it. Soap? One reflex action—the same every time."

If the principles sound vaguely familiar, they should. Williams, Mussel, DiMaggio preached the same things. "It's easy to recite the rules of hitting," says Staub, "but just try to apply them. It

continued



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After



After

What's before?

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BASEBALL continued

takes concentration. Watch the batting cage sometime. Watch how many guys are up there screwing around. You do that in practice, you do it in a game. Do it 50 times a year and . . ."

Do it 50 times and you do not win the National League batting championship. Every morning at breakfast Staub grabs the paper and checks the box scores—particularly Pittsburgh (Clemente) and St. Louis (Cepeda). Three weeks ago the Astros went into Pittsburgh for four games and lost three of them, 9-1, 15-2 and 15-2. In the face of such hitting by Pittsburgh it seemed impossible for Staub to retain his slim lead over Clemente in the batting race. But Staub somehow matched Clemente almost hit for hit, and when the Pirates came to the Astrodome four days later Staub still led .353 to .352. In the three games between the two clubs in Houston, Staub made seven hits in 12 tries, Clemente only 3 for 8, and Staub increased his margin to five points.

"Winning the batting title is important to me, if I do it," Staub says. "But if I don't it won't kill me. It's a long season, and it's too early for me to give myself more than a good chance. Right now the thrill of baseball is almost gone. I don't mean I'm tired of it, I mean I get my pleasure from the sense of accomplishment I feel when I make a good play or get my hits. I've had to prove so much to so many people that I don't want them to think this year is a mistake. I've never forgotten how I felt when I was sent down. A couple of days ago Charley Harrison was sent out. Now, I don't know Charley that well, but I knew exactly how he felt. I went over to him and said, 'Charley, I'm sorry.' He looked at me and I didn't know what else to say. It's baseball, but it's a terrible thing to happen to a man. When it happens to The Flea I just don't know what I'll do."

"The Flea" is Bob Lillis, a lean, 37-year-old journeyman shortstop who, through determination and hard work, has kept himself in the major leagues for nine years. "When I came up and acted like a kid," Staub says, "everybody treated me like a kid. Everybody except The Flea. He treated me like a man, like a pro. I'll never forget him for that."

The way Rusty Staub has developed as a major leaguer—the way he plays, the way he thinks—it's certain that nobody is going to forget him for a long time, either.

END



He ran away from Yale.

The '58 Harvard-Yale meet was a great day for Joel Landau, Harvard BA '59, MBA '62.

He won the 100 and 220 yard dashes, the 120 high hurdles and the 220 low hurdles. It was no fluke. He took both hurdle events in the IC4A's that year, too.

These days Joel runs only pass patterns. Almost every Sunday in a spirited game of two-hand touch down on the beach.

Weekdays, he heads the Los Angeles office of Eastdil Inc., the real estate investment and financing firm. He ranges the west coast, scouting and screening commercial properties; does far more driving than most Angelenos.

Joel likes to relax at an evening over a chessboard. Except on the evening he stretches out on the sofa with Sports Illustrated. He's the sort who turns on the radio for ball scores, but turns to SI every week for deeper coverage. For example, SI told him *why* the NHL is coming to L.A. He can hardly wait till the season starts.

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A win for Cougar, a wild ride for Camaro

The season's Trans-American racing championship for the newly popular sporty cars reached the halfway point at a hairy little New Hampshire track on a weekend of rain, wrecks and some point-scoring by Mercury

One of the nicest things about the boys at the Sports Car Club of America is that whenever Detroit puts out a new class of automobiles, sooner or later they'll find a way to get it to a racetrack. That, in brief, is the history of the Trans-American sedan championship series, nonexistent two years ago except in the minds of a few quisotic souls, but already promising to become one of the most popular auto-racing circuits in the country. The reason is simple enough. Two and three years ago the other auto divisions recognized the success of the Ford Mustang and came out with their own cars in the Mustang class—Chevrolet Camaros, Plymouth Barracudas, Mercury Cougars and the like—and it was only natural that some sort of competition should develop among them.

Jim Patterson, deputy competition director for the SCCA, said, "We jumped into this thing faster than we've ever jumped into anything. But we had to. We were suddenly faced with a whole new class of cars."

The first year's results were hardly spectacular. The seven-event 1966 Trans-Am series paid somewhat less than \$50,000 in purses, and promoters took frequent baths. But they saw its potential and were eager to give it a try again this

year—so eager that there are now 12 races in the series, and prize money, official, unofficial and from accessory companies, is well over \$150,000. And that doesn't include \$25,000 and \$10,000 non-point races at St. Jovite, Canada and Daytona Beach.

Last Sunday the halfway mark in the current season was reached at the Bryar Motorsport Park in Loudon, N. H., a town 85 miles north of Boston with a population of 1,194, and in one weekend all the ingredients of the Trans-Am series were in evidence. The cars themselves were a cross between racing sports cars and Grand National stock cars (at least in the over-two-liter class, there is also an under-two-liter class). The atmosphere was likewise mixed, combining the moods of the high-pressure, dollar-rich events that mark the racing calendar with SCCA club meets where wives keep lap charts and friends of the family change the sparkplugs. And finally, the level of competition ran all the way from factory teams like Bud Moore's Cougar outfit and Carroll Shelby's Mustangs to local amateur (and occasionally amateurish) talent.

"Most of these drivers know they can't win," said Patterson, "but they still run. Their cars look good, and when

they lose to a factory car they've got a readymade excuse."

The best-financed teams, of course, were the main attractions in Loudon. Mustang led with Jerry Titus, a part-time driver and full-time magazine editor (*Sports Car Graphic*) who had won two of the five previous races, and Dick Thompson, a Washington dentist. Its sibling rival, the Lincoln-Mercury Cougar, chose Peter Revson and Ed Leslie, who looks and acts like the stereotyped race driver, from the way he handles a car to the curl of his lip. Camaro had Mark Donohue in a car set up by Roger Penske, the former sports car ace.

Besides the drivers, the track itself was a major talk piece. Opened in 1965 by Keith Bryar, a steel-haired Laconia tire dealer known locally as the best competitive dog-sledder around, the course winds for 1.6 hairy miles in full view of the grandstand. There isn't much in the way of straights, and this sharply reduces the advantage the big cars usually have over the under-two-liter Alfas, Porsches and so forth. As Titus said with a slight frown, "We can't use fourth gear here. We've even got a problem getting maximum performance from third."

Leslie said, "This isn't a Mackey Mouse course. It's a good course that simply



MARK DONOHUE'S CAMARO SPINS INTO A TURN WITH BROKEN AXLE, LOSING WHEEL, THEN CRASHING INTO WALL. DONOHUE ESCAPES

doesn't have straights. It's not much fun to be in a turn for four hours straight—especially when you're going sideways about half the time. I'm not even gonna race the small cars. You can't get much of an edge on the straights, and if you get caught in traffic or lose the car just a little bit you've lost your advantage. The only ones I'm after are the Mustangs and Camaros."

Donohue's Penske Camaro, with probably the most powerful engine of all, was nearly eliminated from the race a day early. During Saturday's qualifying, Donohue's rear axle broke in the middle of the final (Clubhouse) turn. Donohue spun twice and slammed nose-first into a wooden guardrail.

Donohue, unhurt, immediately came to the officials' stand and picked up a telephone.

"Hello," he said. "This is a credit card call, please. Area code 215... for Mr. Roger Penske.... Hi, Roger...."

The rest of the conversation from Donohue's end sounded like a Bob Newhart monologue. Luckily all of the damage was repairable, and by working through the night Saturday Mark's crew had the Camaro ready to race when the green flag dropped Sunday afternoon.

Titus, of course, was favored. He won the pole with a 1:16.0 qualifying time (75.789 mph), but sitting near him were the Cougars of Leslie and Revson, both only a fraction of a second slower.

The race divided itself into three distinct parts, thanks to periods of threatening rain, a very heavy rain and finally clearing skies. Of the major contenders only Leslie chose to begin the afternoon with rain tires. Titus, with a quicker car and the right tires, was able to dominate

continued

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AS FIREMAN SPRAYS SPLIT GAS TANK

the first 15 laps, run on a fairly dry track.

Then the skies opened up and turned the track into a series of puddles. Every car had its problems and many of them spun out or got broadside somewhere on the track—usually in the Clubhouse turn, the same one Donohue had visited a day earlier. Every car, that is, except Leshe's. While Titus, Revson and the other big cars pit for rain tires, Leshe drove boldly into the lead on the 16th lap and did not relinquish it until an hour and 45 minutes later when his engine blew and he retired.

"I had the race wrapped up," Leshe said. "The engine is one thing you shouldn't have to worry about on this course. I think I'll commit hara-kiri and bleed over everybody."

By then Titus also had been eliminated in a wild dice with Ken Duclos' Mustang. After spinning at the head of that same Clubhouse turn, Titus' Mustang spent the rest of the race in a ditch on the inside of the turn.

During the rain the lead went briefly

to Bert Everett in a Porsche, but when Everett pitted a few laps later, Revson's Cougar went ahead—and won by a margin of one lap and 20 seconds.

There was considerable excitement during the last 50 laps of the 156-lap race when both the Revson and Everett pits calculated—erroneously—that Revson was still a lap in arrears after Everett's pit stop. Revson settled that by passing Everett (who ran the entire race on rain tires) on the 130th lap.

"I wasn't sure where I was," Revson told Everett afterward, "so I thought I ought to get by you for good measure." "You mean it was that easy?" Everett said. He wasn't too disappointed, though. He finished second overall, won the under-two-liter honors and further solidified Porsche's preeminent position among small cars racing today.

The Trans-Am is strictly a manufacturers' championship, and Revson's nine-point win bolstered the shaky one-point margin Cougar had held going into the Loudon race. With six races left, Cougar

has 39 points and a four-point lead over the Mustang. Thompson placed third with the best Mustang finish, worth six points.

Donohue, despite the emergency repair job and the presence Sunday of Penske himself, was never a contender and finally retired on the 92nd lap with the same problem he had had on Saturday—a broken axle. Camaro wound up third in the standings with 27 points.

Nearly 10,000 spectators turned out for the race despite the weather, giving proof of the series' popularity. It appears the only thing that can hurt it is factory participation to the point where other competition is virtually eliminated. It has happened before. Already the Barracudas and Darts are out of the real running, but if promotions like Loudon's continue, along with the more affluent Daytona Beach and Sebring events, there is good reason to hope that the Trans-American will be as successful on the track as its competing cars are in the market place. **END**

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How much of your driving do you do with heavy loads (3 or more adult passengers, a full trunk or both)?

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How many miles do you drive in this car per year?

20,000 **8** 15,000 **7** 10,000 **5** 5,000 or less **3**

How long do you expect to keep this car?

2 years or more **7** 18 mos **6** 12 mos **4** 8 mos or less **3**

How do you normally stop, start and corner?

Faster than average **7** Average **5** Slower than average **3**

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The Congress Cup runneth over the border

The Congress Cup, emblematic of the intercity bridge championship, is the latest piece of silverware to be taken away from the aces of U.S. bridge. For the first time since the event was inaugurated in 1960 the title went north of the border as Montreal's challengers defeated heavily favored Chicago.

Chicago's team had two international veterans as its co-captains, Billy Rosen and Ivar Stakgold, both of whom had played for North America in world championship events. Montreal had no such famous competitors, but Chicago, winner the last two times, was backing a jinx. No team has ever been able to win the intercity championship three times in a row. Though the final score was 173-131, the match was reasonably close.

*East-West vulnerable
North dealer*

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♥	PASS	1♠	PASS
3♠	PASS	4 N.T.	PASS
5♥	PASS	6 N.T.	PASS
PASS	DOUBLE	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 5 of clubs

Montreal actually won by getting off to a very fast start. By the end of 27 deals in the 64-hand match the home team was ahead 86-43, in part because of its success with this interesting hand. Chicago's North-South pair seemed to have avoided serious trouble when it stayed out of a losing slam in hearts, yet not even five could be made when all of the trumps turned up in one hand. But the Montrealers ended up in six no trump, and they made their slam when West "disobeyed" a lead-directing double.

East was startled when, without long thought, his partner led the 5 of clubs. His double was the kind that is made against a slam, not in expectation of racking up points but because it calls for an unusual lead. In this case East felt it should have been apparent that he was calling for a heart opening, for a slam double also suggests the lead of dummy's first-bad suit. But as North put down his cards, East realized what had happened. North had a six-card heart suit. South must hold the other two hearts. West had disobeyed the command for a heart lead simply because he had no hearts.

Fearful of setting up more club tricks than declarer could make on his own if he happened to hold king-queen-small and was short on entries, East let dummy's jack hold. My panel of expert commentators was quick to point out that this might have been East's last chance to win a trick. If South had been willing to chance no worse than a 4-3 spade split, he could have run off dummy's five diamonds, discarding one heart and one club, then overtaken the queen of spades for five spade tricks. On the last of these, East would have to decide whether to prick the ace of clubs or blank his king of hearts, and in either event East would never make a trick.

But South knew he had a good contract going for him and he took no chances on finding five spades in one hand. He prudently cashed the queen of spades, got to his hand with a diamond and discarded four of dummy's hearts on the good spades. Then he ran dummy's diamonds and the ace of hearts, cheerfully surrendering a heart trick in the end. In the other room the Chicago North-South played the hand at five hearts. East did not double for fear of chasing his opponents to a better spot. He opened with the ace of clubs and then sat back to wait for his two certain trump tricks, setting the contract. On this one hand Montreal was able to gain 15 international match points.

2ND

What it takes to build a brand





LIFE IN A HOT CORNER

Muhammad Ali's trainer begins the story of the heavyweight champion's progress in the ring, describing from his unique vantage point the kid who believed so strongly in himself, who erred often but learned from every encounter—and absorbed showmanship from Gorgeous George

by ANGELO DUNDEE with TEX MAULE

The first time I ever talked to Cassius Clay was on a February afternoon in 1957 in Louisville, Kentucky. I was in Louisville with Willie Pastrano, who was fighting John Holman there, and we were lying in Willie's room watching television. Willie had just finished a workout and he liked his sack time, and I was with him because I like to stay with my fighters at all times if I can.

The telephone rang and this kid was on the other end. He knew all about me and my fighters from television, because I was on television in the corners a lot in those days. Anyway, this call was unique. He said, "My name is Cassius Marcellus Clay, the Golden Gloves champion of the city of Louisville." He went on and gave me a long list of all the things he had won, and he wound up by saying he was going to win the 1960 Olympics and he wanted to come up to the room and talk to me and Willie. I covered the mouthpiece and said, "Some kind of nut is on the phone telling me all his attributes and he wants to come up. What do you say?"

"O.K., man," Willie said. "I'm tired of this TV. Invite him up and maybe we'll get some kicks."

So in a few minutes he came up, with his brother Rudy trailing behind him and carrying a painting he was working on. Rudy has a lot of talent as a painter, and you could tell it even then. Cassius was a long, rangy kind of kid. He went maybe 184, 185 then but I could tell right away by the way he was built he was going to get bigger, wind up as a good-

size heavyweight. He knew all about Willie from watching him on television, and he and Rudy stayed in the room for two or three hours bating the breeze. This kid was really hungry for information. He asked Willie how many miles a day he ran, when he ate, if he was nervous, when he went to bed, what he did the day of a fight and what he did when the fight was over, whether he drank or smoked—things like that.

They hit it off right away and they are still tight today. Clay was—and still is, for that matter—tight with all the fighters I used to take to Louisville, including Willie, Luis Rodriguez, Joey Maxim, Ralph Dupas, all of them. He loved fighting, and does to this day. He was made to be a fighter.

Willie fought in Louisville quite a bit at that time, and every time we got to town Clay looked me up. He was always after me to let him box with Willie. He bugged me about it. He used to work out at Joe Martin's gym, a place for amateurs close to the Sheraton Hotel, where we stayed. I saw him and Rudy work a few times and both of them impressed me. Rudy was a different type, quiet and a thinker, not outgoing like his brother. He still is.

Clay finally boxed Willie at Martin's gym one afternoon a couple of days before Willie fought Alonzo Johnson in Louisville. When we got to the gym he had already been punching the heavy bag for an hour getting ready. He weighed in at 184, I remember. Anyway, he got in the ring with Willie and they boxed one round, and he

continued



Golden Gloves champion at age 17, Cassius Clay adjusts the light bag before a demonstration for another hungry youngster, Johnny Hampton

did everything right and Willie did everything wrong. I stopped it after one round and told Willie he must be going stale.

"You looked terrible, man," I said to Willie. "What's the matter with you?"

"This cat is a good one, Angie," Willie said.

Then Clay came over and told Willie that he was a shoin-in to beat the guy he was going to fight. Clay had already boxed the other guy, so he said he ought to know. It made Willie feel better, but I found out later that Clay had told the other guy the same thing. He was always that way. He liked to con you even when he was young. He got a kick out of it, I guess.

I saw him work quite a few times after that, lots of times with boxers bigger and older than he was, but they never intimidated him, mentally or physically. He was always watching and learning. After he boxed with Willie I saw he had picked up one of Willie's mannerisms. Willie throws his jabs fast, one right after another, pip, pip, pip, and Clay was doing the same thing. Pip, pip, pip. And he was doing

it as good as Willie did, too. Later, after he had watched Luis Rodriguez for a while and studied him, he picked up Luis' way of sliding from side to side, slapping jabs, and he still does that, too. If you analyze his style today, you'll find it is made of a lot of little things he picked up from good fighters and turned to his own use.

He met Luis when Rodriguez was fighting Rudell Stinch in Louisville, and he got a big kick out of Luis speaking Spanish. Luis could not speak much English then and Clay would carry on long conversations with him, talking something that sounded like Spanish and trying to kid the people listening into thinking he could speak the language. He liked Luis and liked to watch him fight. I usually got him tickets for the fights I had in Louisville, but Luis told me that one time Clay carried his equipment bag into the arena to get into the fight.

He was a relaxed, articulate kid even then. Now he likes to dress up and he wears tailored suits, but then he usually wore blue jeans and a shirt with the tail out. He was always very clean and neat, but he didn't pay much attention to what he wore. His dad was something else. I met him one time on the street in Louisville and he was wearing yellow shoes and green pants and a flowered shirt and he was walking along snapping his fingers and humming a song.

"Hey, Daddy," he said to me. "What's doing, Daddy?" Then he told me about how good Cassius was. I think Cassius and Rudy got their flair for artistry from their father. He used to be so proud of some of the advertising art he had painted around Louisville and he would point it out to you when you were walking along with him.

In those days Cassius walked every-where, bounding along with a carefree air and saying hello to everybody. He liked to kid a lot and he still does, but he was always a gentleman. He never missed a fight if he could help it and I don't think he ever saw a fighter he didn't think he could whip. It was about this time that he went to Indianapolis to see Floyd Patterson fight Brian London, and he came back and told me that he told Patterson he was going to take the heavyweight title away from him.

He went to Rome and won the Olympic championship, just like he said he would, and when he came back a lot of big-time managers were after him. I knew him pretty good by then, but I never made a move toward him. That's not my style. I don't approach amateurs. He once asked me why I left him alone when all the big shots were hugging him and that's what I told him.

The Louisville group took him over after the Olympics, and the first thing they did was to send him out to San Diego to work with Archie Moore. They thought that Archie would be good for the kid, take some of the brashness out of him, but I could have told them he didn't much like a tight rein. It wasn't long before he left San Diego and showed up back in the gym in Louisville. I asked what had happened.

"I ain't gonna sweep floors and wash dishes for nobody," he said. He and old Archie didn't get along very well.

The group was looking around for a trainer by then and I got the job through Lester Malitz. Malitz used to do the Wednesday night fights on TV, so I got to know him pretty well. Malitz had done some advertising work for Brown-Forman, the distillers, and Bill Faversham, the head of the group sponsoring Clay, was vice-president of Brown-Forman. Malitz suggested me to him and he called me sometime late in 1960 after Clay had run out on the Archie Moore camp. I had a lot of good kids going at that time: Rodriguez, Ramos, Pastrano, Dupas, and I was on TV probably more than any other manager.

Faversham was a boxing fan—used to be a boxer himself, as a matter of fact. He and the late Worth Bingham of the Louisville group came down to Miami Beach to ask me my thoughts on how I would handle Clay, and I guess they liked what they heard. I told them he would have to be brought along gradual for a long time, no main events. I told them my training format and ideas and I guess they liked what they heard. In late October they told me I had the job.

The kid had spent a lot of time out of town at the Olympics and in San Diego and I figured he would probably want to stay home in Louisville for the Christmas holidays, so I suggested that he come to Miami right after the first of the year. We had plenty of time. A few days later Faversham called me and told me that Cassius wanted to come down right away. I told him we could wait.

So he showed up late in November. He came down on the train, and when he got to Miami Beach he came to the gym and said, "Angelo, I'm here. You surprised?" I was, a little.

He wanted to box everybody in the gym. He loved boxing. It was not unusual for him to go 150 rounds in the gym before a fight, just because he liked it so much.

He rented a little room by himself in Miami. At that time he had already had one professional fight in Louisville. The group asked me to come up for that one, but I didn't want to step on anyone's toes. I think Fred Stoner, a local man, handled him in that fight, and I thought that it would be bad for me to move in on him.

The deal I made with the group was not a very good one for me. I haven't told many people what it was because I was a little bit ashamed of having accepted it. I'm not looking for big money all the time. I like to have a lot of deals going with a lot of fighters, a little bit here and a little bit there. I knew Cassius was going to be a great fighter and I probably accepted less than I should have, because I was looking to the future with him.

At first the group split 50-50 with him. They paid all expenses. Later that shifted to 60 for him and 40 for them. My deal was a flat hundred and a quarter a week while I worked with him for a fight. When he wasn't in training, I got nothing. That isn't much money, but it was enough

for me. The first big money I got from working with Cassius came after he beat Sonny Liston for the championship in Miami Beach.

Anyway, when he arrived in Miami I had no trouble making him work. His procedure hasn't changed since then. He would get to the gym early, go to the dressing room and change quickly, wrapping his own hands in old bandages. When he was a kid his hands used to blow up after a fight. He hits real hard, and they would swell. I got a specialist to look at them, but there wasn't anything wrong. He just had fragile hands and they swelled up. Even now, if you look at his hands, you'll see that the middle knuckle on both hands protrudes. He doesn't have real big hands for a heavyweight. I'm a little man with big hands, and his hands are the same size mine are. I had a couple of doctors look him over, and sometimes, after a fight, they would give him a shot of cortisone to cut down the swelling.

I got him to punch the light bag by telling him it would toughen his hands. I don't know if it did or not, but it helped his coordination and made him a better sharpshooter, and that's really what I wanted to do. Anyway, he thought that punching the light bag made his hands stronger, and that's what counts. Whatever a man truly thinks is what works for him.

Clay hasn't changed a whole lot as a fighter since the early days. I had to show him a few things. You couldn't tell him to do something. You had to make him think that this was

continued



Undefeated light heavyweight champion of the 1960 Olympics, a beaming Clay accepts Roman roses on triumphal stroll of 1961



Alex Miteff "like to broke Clay in 1961" with a body punch and convinced him to follow Dunder's advice to strengthen the belly muscles

something he had discovered and then praise him for doing it. You would find him working on it in the gym after that. For instance, I had to show him how to bend his left knee when he jabbed so he could stick harder. But I couldn't say, like I could to Willie Pastrano, for one, "Bend your left knee so you get more range from your left hand, and you can hit harder with it." I had to say after a workout, "I liked the way you threw your left. You are right—if you bend your left knee, you can stick harder, and I think you ought to keep it up." If I did that, then he would keep on bending the left knee.

There were other things I had to convince him he shouldn't just lay on a man in a clinch. He did not like to fight in clinches, but after a while he picked that up, too. I hear people say he can't fight inside, but he can. He was a very quick learner, even if you couldn't actually put something on him. You had to sneak up on him, tell him he had the best left hand in the business but if he flexed his knee it would be even longer.

I used to say to him after a workout, "Cassius, you're maybe the only heavyweight in the business can hook off the left jab, because your reflexes are so fast. You can up-percut off it. No one ever could do that before." Maybe he hadn't thrown a hook or an uppercut off the jab, but the next afternoon he would start working on it, and before long he would have it cold.

He could always hit a ton. He and Willie Pastrano were the only two fighters I ever knew could make the heavy bag sing. Most fighters hitting the big bag, it just goes thump, thump, thump, a kind of soggy sound, but I could always

tell, walking up the steps to the Fifth Street Gym, when it was Willie or Cassius working on the big bag. They made it sing. You could recognize them from the sound of the punches.

Lots of times Clay would leave his room and run to the gym wearing blue jeans and a shirt and heavy shoes. He'd run about six miles and get to the gym all sweaty and take a shower and then work for a couple of hours in the ring. He never got tired. Evenings he would hang around a barber-shop near his hotel and talk to people. Later he moved into the Sir John Hotel in Miami and he would go listen to the singers there, sitting at a table at the back drinking soda water. He never drank anything harder than that. He got to know all the singers and he collected their records. He still likes popular music.

At that time the group was paying him \$400 a month and he was supporting his mother and father and Rudy on that money. It wasn't much of a problem, because he didn't spend money on liquor or smokes or women. He would run short now and then and ask me for a couple of dollars, but he would always pay me back after a fight. It was a joke with us. He'd say, "Angie, give me some walking-around money, man. I ain't holding."

So I'd say, "Here's a couple of dollars. Don't come back for no more." He'd take the two bucks and I wouldn't worry about it.

I never talked to him while he was working in the gym or while he was fighting. I didn't stand on the ring apron in the gym and tell him what to do. I don't think you can help a fighter much that way, because by the time he has listened to you and tried to understand what you're saying and then tried to do what you said to do, it's too late. I used to go over what happened in the ring—in the gym or in a fight—after it was over. He liked to take apart the mistakes he made in a fight as soon as possible after the fight was over. He'd talk about it and he learned something from every bout. He didn't like to do stomach exercises, for instance, until after he had fought Alex Miteff. Miteff hit him a body shot that like to broke him in two. When he came back to the gym he didn't object when I put him on the table and made him do exercises to strengthen the belly.

The first fight Clay had with me in his corner was with Herb Siler in Miami Beach on December 27, 1960, and he knocked Siler out in the fourth. Siler was just an opponent. I wasn't looking for anyone real tough at that time. I wanted to build up his confidence so that he would always know he was going to win when he climbed into the ring.

The first real hard fight he had was with Duke Sabedong in Las Vegas on June 26, 1961. Sabedong was about 6-7, an Ernie Terrell type, unorthodox and awkward, and he made you look bad. It took Clay awhile to figure out what to do, but he won a decision and he learned a lot. I think the things he learned against Sabedong helped him a lot the night he fought Terrell.

He learned something else at the Sabedong fight. Up until then he had been an outgoing, cheerful and friendly sort of guy who liked to talk about fights and fighting, but he wasn't a particularly beautiful man. But while we were in Vegas he was on a sports program on the radio with Gorgeous George, the wrestler. When the sportscaster talked to Clay, Cassius just said the usual things about how he expected a tough fight and Sabedong was good and so on. Then the announcer started talking to Gorgeous George and George told him how he was going to tear up his opponent and they shouldn't even allow the match because he was so much better. He told the guy just what he was going to do to the other wrestler the next night, and Clay got a big kick out of it. He wanted to go see Gorgeous George wrestle, and when we went the joint was loaded and that impressed Clay. After that was when he started talking big and predicting the round he would knock an opponent out. He figured if it would work for a Gorgeous George it would work even better for him, and I guess over the years it did.

The more he did it and the bigger show he put on, the more he grew to like it. It reached a point where he couldn't really turn it on unless he knew he had an appreciative audience. I remember one time, when he still wasn't the big attraction, a lot of writers were in the gym before a fight. They interviewed the main-eventers and then Clay got up and they put their pencils and notebooks away. He couldn't percolate at all. He had to know he was getting ink.

After Sabedong, the next hard fight was with Alonzo Johnson, and that was a bad one, because I made a mistake I haven't made since. Clay is restless before a fight. He's restless all the time, for that matter. He must loosen up 20 times a day, dancing around his room and shadowboxing. We fought Johnson on a hot night, and we got to the arena two hours early. So Clay warmed up for two hours, and by the time he started fighting he had worn himself out. I never brought him to the arena that early again. Now we get there an hour ahead of time, even for a championship fight. He won the Johnson fight, but it should have been a lot easier for him.

Against Miteff and then against Sonny Banks he showed me something I had been waiting to see—how well he could fight back from punishment. Miteff hurt him with body punches, and he came right back and took Miteff out. Sonny Banks put him on the seat of his pants. Banks was 6-2 and 191 and the one thing he had was a great punch. In the first round he caught Cassius flush on the chin with a left hand, and down he went, with his eyes crossed. It was a perfect punch thrown by a great puncher, and I thought, now he's had it. He had a dull, glassy look going down, but when he hit the canvas his eyes cleared and he bounced up again full of fight. It was fantastic. I never saw better recuperative power in any fighter. He kicked the hell out of Banks in the next round. Then he burned him down to the ground in the fourth. He hit him with five or six punches in

a combination, and it was all over for Sonny. When the experts say that he never has shown he can take a punch and come back, I wish that I could show them movies of that fight. I don't know anyone ever got hit harder and came back faster and meaner.

All this time, when Clay was fighting his way up, he didn't worry much about possessions. He roomed with Allan Harmon, another fighter, in the Negro section of Miami and he would hang around downtown, talking to people. He ate at a place called the Famous Chef and he knew all the waiters and the customers and he'd talk to them in the evening. Cassius wasn't religious in those days. At least that's the way it looked to me. He didn't train on Sunday, though. Sunday was the day he rested.

He began to fill out, fighting. When he first came to me, he had long legs and his shoulders weren't too developed. The shoulder and chest and arm development came as he grew older. I think before he gets through he'll be fighting at about 220. He hasn't really reached his physical maturity yet. He's getting so wide across the back now that you can't believe it. He is a very strong man. When he was in London last year and Jim Brown came up to the

continued



A mercenary right hand doubled up capricious Archie Moore in one of the big steppingstone fights on Clay's path to the heavyweight title.

room to work with him, Brown was surprised at how strong he was.

But he has always been vain about his physical appearance. He's always been very much aware of having a rear end that sticks out pretty far. One of the few times when he was left speechless was in London before the second Cooper fight there. Anslow Fame, the commissioner of British boxing, came into the dressing room while he was getting dressed and looked at him. Clay was stripped, and Fame looked him over and said, "Young man, there is no doubt about your being a great fighter. But I must say, young man, you do have the most extraordinary arse!"

Clay didn't know what to say to that.

All this time, while he was growing up as a fighter, he had perfect confidence in himself. I was a little afraid of the Archie Moore fight, because Archie was old and cute, but Clay never worried about it. We used to run into Moore everywhere. Once, after a fight in Chicago, Clay saw him at ringside and leaned over the ropes and said, "You're next, old man. Moore in four on TV. I'm ready to go to war now." I think this was before the first Patterson-Luston fight.

We made the fight for Los Angeles and I was afraid that he might be overcome by Moore's experience and sharpness, but nothing bothered Clay. "I want this fight," he said. "Willie boxed him to a draw. I can beat him."

Moore was a master at cutting off the ring, which is something everybody who ever fought Clay has tried to do. It means you keep the other man in the ring from moving around you, sliding away to one side or the other. Because Clay is so fast and nubile on his feet, part of his defense is his ability to slip away to one side or the other when an opponent thinks he has him pinned.

Moore pinned him on the ropes once and hit him with his best right hand and the punch shook Cassius right down to his toenails, but he wasn't confused. He comprehended everything that was happening and finally he just overpowered Moore. Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin were sitting behind Moore's corner hol-

loring for him, but that didn't bother Cassius either. He just went about his business. He'd move and stick and move and stick, and he was so fast that Moore found out he couldn't cut the ring off and he began talking to Clay.

"Stay still a little bit," he said. Clay laughed at him. Then he knocked Moore down and stood over him and the fight was over. With his speed and power, he knew he could win that one, and he did. He learned something in that fight, too. When Moore trapped him on the ropes, he feinted Clay, and Clay slid away like he had against other fighters and slid right into Moore's right hand. He never made that mistake again.

When he was leaving the ring after the fight, he walked right by Sonny Liston. Sonny said, "Take care, little boy. I need you. Going to beat you like I'm your daddy."

The Doug Jones fight was the final proof of Clay's greatness. It was the turning point in his career, I think. Clay really believed in his predictions. He was always a good analyst of fighters and he didn't make the predictions casually. He'd study a fighter and decide what he could do and what he couldn't, and after he had worked the thing out in his mind he'd come up with the round. Sometimes I used to work with him on the poems, give him suggestions while we were on the plane, maybe, but he always believed in what he said he would do. That's one reason he did it so often.

We worked out gimmicks before fights to build up the interest, and before the Jones fight we decided I'd tape his mouth shut. He started out by saying he'd knock out Jones in six, then changed it to four, then I taped his mouth shut and the picture made all the wire services. But he really thought deep down inside that he could take Jones out in four.

He did a real good job for four rounds, too. He hit Jones with all he had, and when he came back to the corner after the fourth round with Jones still on his feet I could see that he was very let down. "I missed my prediction," he said. The

fans were booing and he could hear them and there wasn't anything I could do to get him fired up again. He fought a bad fight in rounds five, six and seven before I could convince him he had to snap out of it. Then he came back strong. He would come back to the corner after every round and ask me, "How'm I doing?" and I had to tell him he was lousy. He still asks that question after every round in a fight, but now it's because he wants to hear from someone else how good he's doing.

He won the Jones fight. I don't agree with the people that thought it was a bad decision. People get emotional about these things. They wanted to see Jones upset Clay, so they saw the fight the way they wanted to see it. But if you watched it without emotions involved, Cassius really won pretty easy.

After it was over, before anyone came into the dressing room, I tried to cheer him up. He was still let down because he had missed on the prediction. "Look," I said. "You said six and then you said four, and six and four makes 10. And you won in 10. So you were right after all." It didn't cheer him up much, but he remembered the line and used it with the writers.

He proved in the Jones fight that he could force himself to respond and that he could take adversity in the middle of a fight and come back strong. Jones was a good fighter then and Clay whipped him. And he came back late in the fight to do it when he had to. He was growing up as a fighter.

Gradually, during the years before he won the championship, Clay got more sophisticated. The group promised him a tomato-red Cadillac if he beat Moore; he hadn't been interested in anything like that before, but that's what he wanted. It was about this time that he began to pick up an entourage, too. At first it was just the two of us when he went somewhere to fight, but he gradually added more and more people and the group paid their salaries. He met Howard Bingham in Los Angeles and liked him, and Howard became the official photographer. Then he added Archie Roberts as

a business manager and Drew Brown-Bundini as a sort of general assistant and morale builder. I didn't mind. In fact, Drew was the cause of my getting a raise, because he was on the payroll at \$300 a week and the group was embarrassed about his making more than I did, so they worked it out by giving me more money, too.

As far as I knew, during the days before we made the fight with Liston for the championship in Miami Beach, Clay was not a Black Muslim. Of course, I did not ask him any questions about his beliefs. I think a fighter's religion is his own business. I've had some fighters for years and I couldn't tell you now if they are Catholic, Baptist, Methodist or what. It was a matter that never came up between us.

The last fight we had before the first one with Liston was against Henry Cooper in London and Clay learned a lesson that came close to costing him his shot at the championship. You have to understand that Cooper is a good fighter with about as tough a left hook as there is in the business. I tried to explain this to Cassius but I don't think he took Cooper very seriously until Henry hit him with a left hook and knocked him down. Up until then he had been playing with Cooper and clowning, and Bill Faversham, who was at ringside, ran up to me and hollered, "Make him stop that! He's going to get killed!"

The seam on the glove on Clay's right hand had split near the thumb in the first round, but I told Clay to keep his hand shut and hide it, since the fight was going all his way. After the knockdown in the fourth, I hollered at the referee to come look at the glove and asked him if they couldn't find another glove, but it delayed the fight while they looked and gave Clay more time to pull himself together. You couldn't hear yourself for the booing, because at that time Clay was very popular in England and the act he put on before the fight did not help any. He had come into the arena wearing a royal red robe and he had given Rudy a crown to put on his head when the fight was over. He figured

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Dr. Scholl's EVERYTHING FOR FOOT CARE

HOT CORNER

that since he was in England, with results and all, he might as well show them that he was the king of the boxers.

By the time the referee decided to go on with the bout with the damaged glove, Clay was ready. I spent the time in the corner yelling at him and calling him names and all he said was, "O.K., Angelo. He's getting tired."

Then he went out and stopped Cooper in the fifth round. After the bout I had to keep Rudy from trying to put the crown on his head. We might have been mobbed if he had done it. I was pooped for a week after that fight, but then I'm worn out for days after every one of Clay's fights.

Some of the English sportswriters wrote that I had slit Clay's glove with a razor when he came back to the corner after the fourth round, in order to delay the fight and give him time to recuperate, but that is not true. The glove split along a seam in the first round and some of the padding began to come out, but it was not in a place that made any difference. Of course, it was convenient as an excuse when I needed it. But it was an accident—no matter what anyone says I would never purposely cut a glove.

After the Cooper fight we wanted to get Eastern. Clay toured Europe and fought a few exhibitions with his sparring partners and he was a big hit wherever he went. Sometimes he would be scheduled to box four rounds, and he would be having so much fun he'd box six or seven. In the afternoon he'd sit in the hotel room signing autographs, five or six to a page in a looseleaf notebook. Then he'd tear the page in strips and pass them out at the exhibitions. He nearly got mobbed in Sweden, but he was always friendly and courteous and everyone loved him.

When we came back to the States I knew he was ready for Eastern. The preliminaries were over and the big one was next.

Next Week

Dundee tells exactly what happened during the hysterical weigh-in and controversial Miami bout with Sonny Liston.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MIKE RILEY

NATIONAL LEAGUE

This was the week CHICAGO (1-7) was supposed to make its move. And move the Cubs did—downward. While Manager Leo Durocher was having his contract extended through 1969, Chicago dropped three of four games to the Cardinals and then absorbed three straight defeats. Ferguson Jenkins, the Cubs' most dependable pitcher, dropped a 2-1 decision to the Braves. Chicago runners died on the bases as the Cubs' run production slowed to a trickle—17 in eight games. After Durocher's team lost a doubleheader to the Cardinals in midweek, veteran Enrie Hanks quipped, "Even the best of the world's finest jet airplanes run into some turbulence here and there. We'll fight back." Meanwhile ST. LOUIS (6-1) was taking every advantage of the Cubs' slide. After that productive series in Chicago, the Cardinals returned home to take three games from the Reds. Lou Brock shed a batting slump, knocking out 23 hits in 52 at bats, and Curt Flood's bat continued to boom. By the end of the week St. Louis had its biggest lead of the season—8½ games. SAN FRANCISCO (6-0) moved into second place behind the Cardinals, taking three games from the Mets. Juan Marchand and Gaylord Perry turned in complete games, and Willie Mays, after five weeks without a home run, contributed to their wins with career homers 556 and 557. ATLANTA (5-2) Manager Billy Hitchcock held a clubhouse meeting ("The guys that want to hustle will play, the others will sit"), and the Braves opened their series against the Cubs with a showy display of power hitting—seven home runs, including two each by Cleve Boyer and Joe Torre. CINCINNATI (2-4) took two games from the Braves before running into St. Louis. Pitcher Jim Maloney produced a 2-0, three-hit shutout of the Braves, his 100th

major league win but only the second time in 18 starts this season that he's gone the distance. PHILADELPHIA (6-0) climbed over the .500 mark for the first time in five weeks as Tony Gonzalez' batting average soared into the .300s. Life in PITTSBURGH (2-4) was not rosy for Danny Murtaugh, the Pirates' interim manager. Pitcher Pete Mikkelsen yielded five home runs and 15 runs in all in eight relief innings and was sold to the Cubs. Fork-buller Elroy Face gave up winning runs in two straight appearances. LOS ANGELES (1-5) continued to have hitting troubles. "We can't even bunt runs home," said Manager Walter Alston. HOUSTON (2-4) collected two wins at the expense of new York (1-5), though the Mets stopped the Astros' seven-game winning streak.

Standings: SF 67-41, ST 55-39, CH 55-39, SL 36-45, CA 37-55, PH 33-51, PIT 31-54, LA 47-39, HOU 37-45, NY 40-45

AMERICAN LEAGUE

While the American League race continued in earnest with CHICAGO (2-3) still leading the chase, General Manager Ed Short of the White Sox dropped a novel idea in the lap of League President Joe Cronin. After his team was routed out of two straight games with the Orioles, the White Sox executive asked Cronin about the possibility of a two-night doubleheader in Baltimore on Monday. Only hitch was the Orioles already had a game scheduled with the Indians. Short suggested that they make it a three-team two-nighter—with the Orioles meeting the White Sox in the first game and the Indians in the second. Cronin, following a week of interleague meetings in Chicago, would have none of it and consigned the precedent-breaking plan to the scrap pile. The White Sox took two games from the Indians—one with a six-run ninth inning

before the rains came. BOSTON (3-5), a little overwhelmed at the thought of nearing first place, staggered its way through the week like a man with a hangover. The Red Sox, who had already lost the season series to the Twins, opened the week at home with a 4-0 win over MINNESOTA (4-2) before splitting four games with the Athletics. Then the Twins beat Boston three times in Minnesota and gained second place as Dick Williams' league-leading hitters collected a grand total of one run and eight hits. Minnesota Prober Dean Chance hurled a 2-0 perfect game—that is, a five-inning, rain-shortened version. Asked afterward if he was disappointed it had rained, Chance said, "No. I was glad. All I wanted was the win." Chance's first no-hitter as a professional (he pitched 18 in high school) kept Minnesota ahead of CALIFORNIA (2-3). Ex-Oriole Woodie Held continued to spark the Angels as he doubled home three runs in a 5-4 victory over WASHINGTON (3-2). The Senators came back to beat the Angels the next day as Cap Peterson slammed a three-run homer. DETROIT (4-4) entered August as close to first place (four games behind) as it had been in six years. The Tigers proceeded to take three of four games from the Orioles before dropping three to Cleveland. CLEVELAND (4-3) and BALTIMORE (3-3) continued to jockey for seventh place. The Baltimore ground crew failed for the second time in two weeks to get the tarpaulin farther than the edge of the infield grass. Meanwhile KANSAS CITY (5-3) and NEW YORK (2-4) squared off at the end of the week to decide which would stay in the cellar. The A's captured the first two games, and the Yankees slid into 10th place memorably.

Standings: CH 55-45, BOS 57-48, BOM 58-49, DET 52-48, CAL 52-51, WASH 38-55, CLE 50-54, BAL 48-52, NY 46-50, KC 46-52

HIGHLIGHT

The trade in the stretch—it's become the stamp of the true pennant contender over the years. The manager surveys the bullpen or glances down the dugout and decides that an experienced hitter or pitcher—perhaps several years beyond his prime—might be just the thing needed to propel his championship-seeking team past the opposition and into the World Series. The Chicago Cubs pulled off one of the first such deals in 1945 when \$100,000 bought Hank Borowy, then the New York Yankees' best pitcher, so the Windy City for the final two months of the season. Borowy collected 11 wins, and the Cubs made the World Series. During the days of Casey Stengel, the Yankees made such deals a yearly practice as Johnny Rasmussen, John Mure and Jim Konstanty, among

others, joined the Bombers for the late-season World Series. Stengel's successor, Ralph Houk, pirated Pitcher Pedro Ramos away from Cleveland on waivers, and Ramos paved the way for a Yankee pennant in 1964. This season the front-runners in the American League race have been practicing the art. Though Eddie Stanky's White Sox were leading the American League, Stanky and his general manager, Ed Short, decided something was missing. Next thing anyone knew, Short had Ken Boyer, 36, and Rocky Colavito, 34, in Chicago for the stretch drive. The second place Red Sox got in the act last week and grieved veteran Catcher Elton Howard, 38, (right) away from the Yankees. "We're looking for experienced players for the pennant drive," said Red Sox Manager Dick Williams. Then, almost as an afterthought, he noted, "Just as the White Sox are."



19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

REPRESENTATIVE VIEW

Sirs:

I would like to take this opportunity to commend *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and John Underwood for an excellent story, *Best Kept Secret* (June 12). This article was unquestionably one of the best in-depth stories on the decathlon that I have ever read.

I would also like to comment on another story on the national AAU track and field meet held in Bakersfield, Calif., which is located in the center of the congressional district I represent (See *You Later, Jon Ryan*, July 3). The author, Pete Atheim, described Bakersfield in some rather uncompromising terms and has aroused some concerned citizens in this great city. Bakersfield is a fine, growing community. I doubt that very many people who visit Bakersfield remember it for its hard-visaged waitresses. Perhaps in the author's effort to color his story he spent too much time behind his typewriter and not enough out meeting the friendly people and enjoying the wonderful hospitality of this gracious community.

REPRESENTATIVE BOB MATTHEW
U.S. Congress

Washington

SLIPPERY BUSINESS

Sirs:

The article by Herman Wespoff on the spitball (*The Infamous Spitter*, July 11) was very informative and entertaining. Apparently the repeat-vs.-enforce controversy will go on, but I would like to comment on the supposed nonenforceability of the rule. It seems to me that Cal Hubbard and the umpires are merely evading the issue by saying that it is impossible to prove that a pitcher is throwing a spitter. True, but so what? Neither is it possible to prove that a runner is tagged out on a close play, but the umpire makes a decision just the same, and no proof is involved. More to the point, the umpire can hardly prove that a pitcher is throwing a beanball, but fines are assessed not infrequently. Certainly an interpretation of the rules is involved, but any such interpretation must be preceded by a judgment on the part of the umpire that a given rule must be applied in the first place.

Thus the umpire's traditional plea that the rule cannot be enforced is woefully weak. It can and should be enforced the same as any other rule of the game—as long as it remains a rule, which isn't long, I hope.

ROBERT W. RIDDING

Nashville

Sirs:

Once again you have succeeded in reminding your female subscribers that understanding the realm of baseball takes not

only a brave heart but a strong stomach as well.

DIANE H. BASSOTTI

Ravena, N.Y.

Sirs:

I found *The Infamous Spitter* quite interesting. But I was somewhat amused by the mention of Gil Hodges and his letter to League President Joe Cronin.

I remember Preacher Roe and the article concerning him (SI, July 4, 1955). I was an avid Brooklyn fan and, if my memory is correct, the article stated that Preacher Roe often had Gil Hodges load up the ball for him. I wonder why Mr. Hodges had such a change of heart.

WILLIAM M. SOTEK JR.

Webster, N.Y.

● It was not Hodges but Pee Wee Reese. But Roe did say in the same article that Hodges was on the receiving end of some wet throws to first. ED

RESPECTABLE SENATORS

Sirs:

For the first time in my seven-year career as a Senator for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* writer has been complimentary (*Baseball's Wreck*, July 11). As I write this the Nats are winning the 16th of 21 games that took them from last to sixth two, it just ended, Nats 3, Angels 2, making two nights in a row over the red-hot Angels. The Senators don't hammer out, steal or bomb the opposition to get their runs. How they do it is beyond the power of research and observation. The team batting average is a little over .230, the leading hitter is at .261 and the only representative to the All-Star Game (Casanova) did not play. True, Frank Howard is a leader in the home-run department, but he has hit all but a couple of his titanic blasts with no one on base. There are many things wrong with the Senators, but an inability to outscore the other team is not one of them. Fans are aching for attention in this time of civic glory. Do we get it?

ERIC HUSTVOT

Annandale, Va.

NOT IN

Sirs:

Summer Surfers Inside Hawaii (July 24) is the first magazine article that has ever provoked me enough to retaliate. I'm sure the author enjoyed visiting Hawaii to find the In crowd, but the group that Dan Jenkins described can be found every warm summer day at the California beaches. And at many—like T Street in San Clemente, or at the Huntington cliffs or Malibu—there are few 40-year-old tourists to spoil things with

their umbrellas and beach balls and rubber rafts. How come Mr. Jenkins surfaced in Hawaii instead of any of these other places? And his language—man, it was Out when "Kookie" Byrnes left 77 *Summer Strip*.

PATRICK GIANAM

Corona, Calif.

NOT "CARGANDO LA SUERTE"

Sirs:

Off for the article by an *aficionado serio* John McCormack (*Ten Toreros in Need of a Bull*, July 24). One reads so much nonsense on bullfighting usually ignorant praise of El Cordobes—that it is welcome indeed to find something so well-written and knowledgeable. Mr. McCormack put his finger on the main trouble with modern bullfighting—lack of the *serio bruto*—and made very accurate estimates of most of the toreros *en activo* today.

We subscribe completely to Mr. McCormack's nomination of both Paco Camino and Antonio Ordóñez as No. 1s. But the *quadrado por afu* being executed by Ordóñez in the picture is not a good example. He is miles away from the bull and not *cargando la suerte*. We would have welcomed a stronger condemnation of El Cordobes, but our only quarrel with McCormack's estimate of toreros is his view of Santiago Marín (El Vito). He need never smile, as far as we're concerned, to be the *hondado torero* and first-rate killer that he is. His technique is not degenerating, and he fights no more Salamanca sheep than any of the other top boys. We have seen him fight excellently with bulls of great *casta*, as well as getting *faras out of manos de enfermos*.

JOHN AND ELIZABETH MCCORMACK

Alton, Ill.

CASH ON DELIVERY

Sirs:

The recent squabble between the touring golf professionals and their own organization, the PGA (*SECURE CARE*, July 11), impels this disillusioned golfing buff to seek some clarification on one point. The public generally understands that those who are qualified for appearance on the tour have the option of skipping tournaments. For several years now Messrs. Palmer, Nicklaus and Player have bypassed our annual 500 tournament despite the fact that Owner Tony Hulman has invested untold thousands in a complete redesigning and beefing up of the local Speedway Golf Club layout, where the 500 is played. Every professional in this year's 500 signed a plaque praising Mr. Hulman for having provided one of the most challenging courses in the country.

Cooperation of the PGA, the owners of golf courses where tournaments are held,

continued

television sponsors and millions of golfing nuts built the tour to its present height. Is it out of place to suggest that Messrs. Palmer, Nicklaus and Player have acquired an aura of public property? And that enlightened self-interest demands that they "show" at all points on the official tour at least once every other year? Any other course of action is unfair to local tournament committees (including our own) that are subjected to apparently cavalier treatment.

Don't these gentlemen realize they're throwing rotten eggs back at the goose who lay the golden ones?

JOHN S. BLASCHER JR.
Indianapolis

DONE AND DENVER

Sirs:

In my opinion Alfred Wright's article on the PGA championship (*Two Doves in Quest of a Title*, July 31) sounds condescending, to say the least, to the field, to the top two finishers and to the PGA members. The PGA championship field must be considered the best of the four major golf events. It is composed of the finest professional golfers and the finest golf professionals.

How can either Don January or Don Massengale be classed as a nonentity? Massengale won two events on the 1966 tour. In 1967, prior to the championship, January had won more than \$33,000, including a third place at the U.S. Open. And at Columbine both were playing the same golf course under the same conditions as the superstars.

Behind every one of the "white shoe brigade" stands at least one PGA member as full or part-time instructor. These "leathery, put-upon characters" have been the poor pioneers of the present multimillion-dollar tour. Today they are responsible for the PGA School for Approved Tournament Players and, thereby, for the superstars of tomorrow—in case Nicklaus, Palmer and Ciesper don't last forever.

BUCK WHITE
Hollywood, Fla.

Sirs:

I was very disappointed that some scribbles are still trying to sell Denver short as a sports city. Despite flash floods that in summer occasionally wash away sizable chunks of the western states, scoring heat, hailstones the size of golf balls and gun-toting spectators (really members of the Arapahoe County sheriff's posse), the 49th PGA golf tournament was a record show at Denver.

Although apparently not worthy of mention, the tournament grossed \$800,000. The opening-day attendance of 17,000 and the second day crowd of 17,250 set new PGA records. Weekend crowds of 18,785 and 22,390 were also new attendance figures.

Even the Monday gallery of 7,500 was the largest ever to watch a PGA playoff.

Columbine Country Club's course also proved worthy of the top pro golfers. Don January's and Don Massengale's low 72-hole totals of 281 tied a record high score for a PGA meet since the event was changed from match to medal play in 1958.

JIM BENYON
Denver

SUPERFLUOUS COURAGE?

Sirs:

William Negley states that "A bow hunter who is willing to take the gamble is more courageous than most men" (*With Only a Bow and Bold Belief*, July 31). It seems that his type of superfluous courage is out of place in our troubled society. John Steinbeck, talking of this same unnecessary courage in bullfighting, said (ISI, Dec. 20, 1965): "I have yet to hear of a bullfighter who has taken a dangerous political stand, who has fought a moral battle unless its horns were shaved." What does it matter if a man is courageous enough to kill a wild animal with only a primitive weapon? What does matter is if a man is courageous enough to help another man.

JOHN M. GARTLAND
Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

For Pete's sake, sir, and a half hours to kill a rhinoceros? I couldn't finish Mr. Negley's story, but I assume that killing the elephant took 30 days.

LED L. LANNING
Mystic, Conn.

NO SPORT

Sirs:

I was upset after reading in SCORECARD (July 24) that the musk ox might be hunted as a trophy. I cannot see how an animal that won't move if you walk up to it can be called a trophy when dead.

JAMES ANDERSON
Yorktown, Va.

● Canadian officials agree. Last week Dr. J. S. Tener, deputy director of the Canadian Wildlife Service and an authority on the animals, said: "There is absolutely no sport aspect to shooting a musk ox." Canceled was a trap to Ellesmere Island of a party of hunters and photographers. They were to shoot two musk oxen for a biologist who had permission to take them for scientific study. Also the Northwest Territories Council, the Canadian government agency involved, has postponed action on the proposal to permit hunters to kill 32 musk oxen from the herds on Ellesmere Island and at Resolute Bay following nationwide protests.—E.D.

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